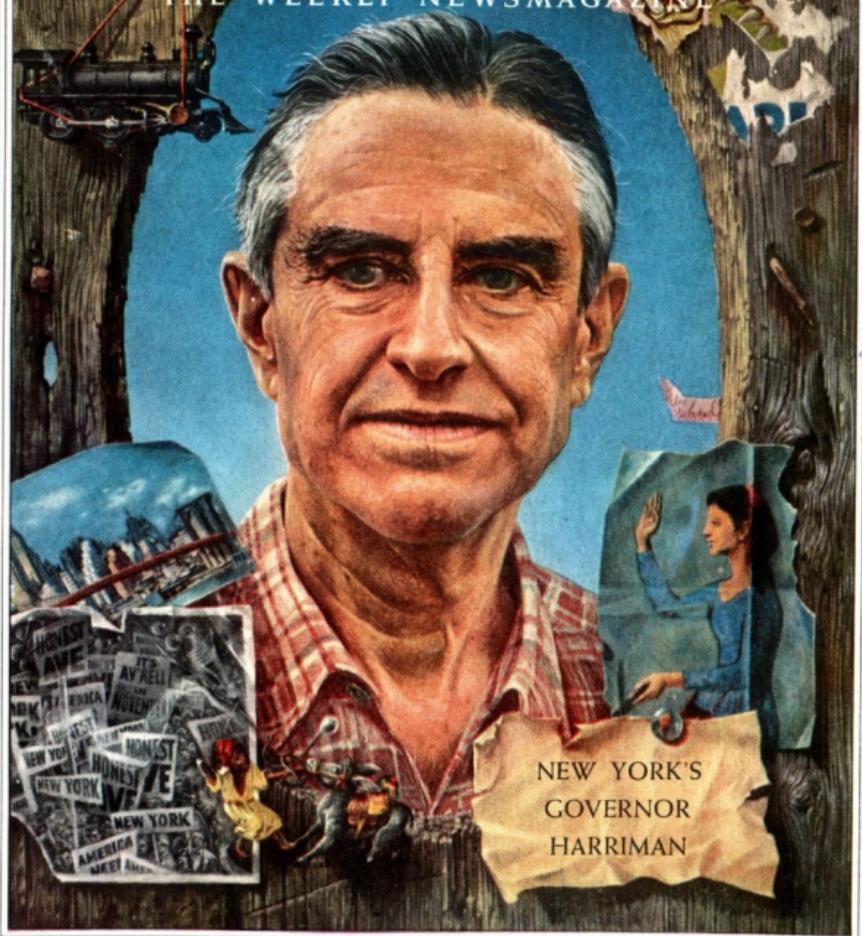


TWENTY CENTS

NOVEMBER 14, 1955

TIME

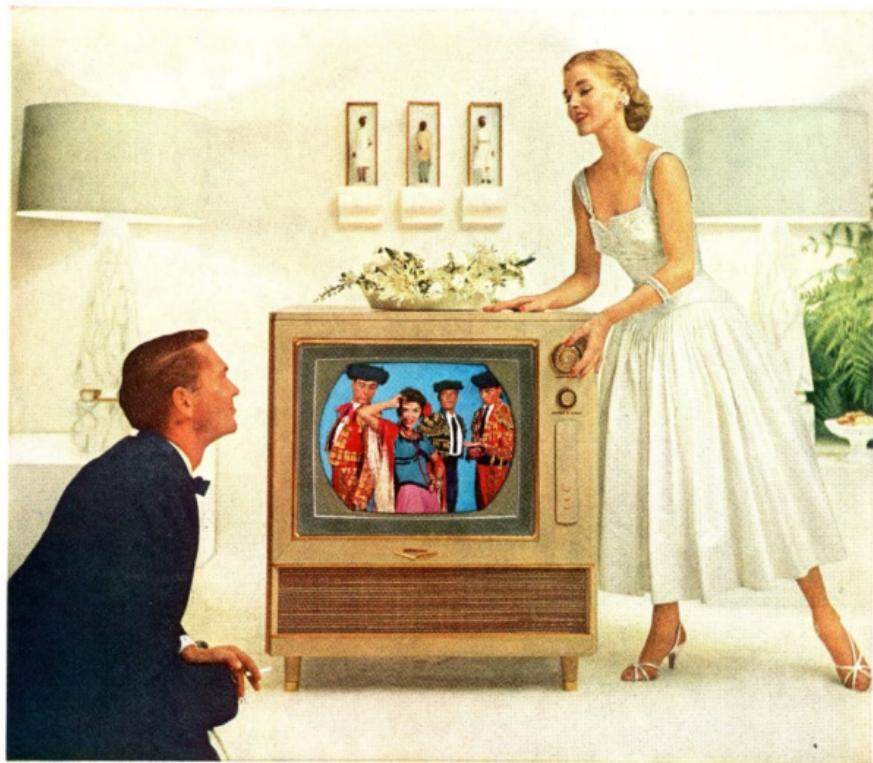
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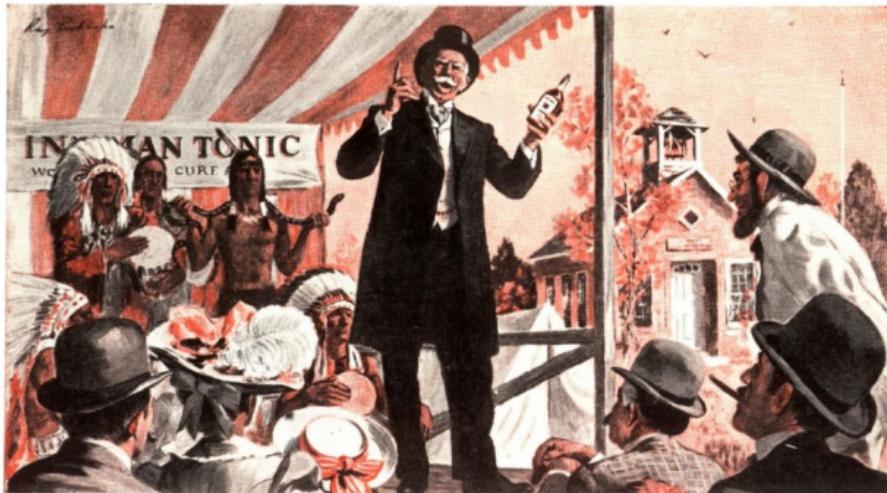
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Fortunately, the old-fashioned "medicine man" and his "sure cures" are on the way out. This is because nearly all of us now know the folly of relying on any treatment for arthritis other than those authoritatively approved.

This enlightened attitude is all to the good. For arthritis, if it is to be successfully controlled, must be precisely diagnosed and treated according to the needs of each individual patient.

Even though there are as yet no specific cures, much can be done for the more than five million people in our country whose cases have been diagnosed as arthritis, in one of its many forms.

For example, *osteoarthritis* or degenerative joint diseases . . . the type associated with aging . . . need not cause severe difficulty if diagnosed early and if the patient follows the doctor's advice. Indeed, this kind of arthritis usually responds well to treatment based on rest, weight control, mild exercise and avoidance of both mental and physical factors that may aggravate the disease.

Another common type of arthritis . . . *rheumatoid arthritis* . . . is a more serious disease because it involves not only the joints, but the entire body. Moreover, it is not associated solely with old age. Rather it affects people of all ages, most frequently young persons and adults in their prime.

Fortunately, certain hormone extracts and other medications have brought great benefits to many who have this type of arthritis. It is not yet known, however, how permanent the effects of these treatments will be.

The greatest good to be derived from any method of therapy for any type of arthritis depends not upon the doctor alone, but upon the patient as well. It is of the greatest importance for the patient to cooperate fully with the doctor, especially in regard to continuing treatment for as long as it may be required.

In fact, when rheumatoid arthritis is recognized early and treatment is carried out faithfully, well over 50 percent of those who have this condition can be spared serious disability and will obtain marked improvement.

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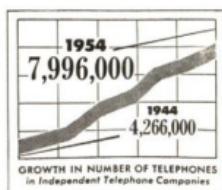
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In bicycle manufacture, the race is to the swift. It takes smooth, high speed production methods to produce the best—profitably.

This was the problem of one of the world's leading bicycle builders. An important operation involved punching 36 spoke holes simultaneously in every wheel rim. To lubricate the punches and dies manually, a cover had to be left open. Dies and punches were blocked by accumulating scrap. Wear was such that they had to be replaced once a week. The cost on all four machines used in the operation ran into \$20,000 a year. Punching those rim holes was making a sieve of the budget.

Then an Alemite Lubrication Representative was called in. After a careful analysis of the problem he came up with an inexpensive recommendation. An automatic Alemite lubrication system was installed with a minimum of trouble. This new system lubricated the punches and dies constantly with the machine cover closed. Results: No more scrap clogging punches and dies. The saving on parts, maintenance, downtime and increased production was \$20,000 a year!

This is typical of the assistance Alemite offers industry. Whatever you manufacture, whether your plant is large or small, chances are an Alemite system or Alemite equipment can save you money. And expert lubrication counsel is yours at no cost or obligation whatsoever. Wherever you are, there is an Alemite representative ready to serve you.



Here, an Alemite loader pump is being used to fill a grease gun. The saving over hand methods is 15 man-hours for every 400 pound drum of lubricant used. Further, only clean lubricant reaches bearings, maintenance costs go down, and house-keeping is easier.

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The coupon below will bring you an interesting booklet, "5 Plans for Better Plant Lubrication." Send for it. And a phone call will bring an Alemite expert, who will be glad to give you an "on-the-spot" demonstration of how Alemite methods can save you money.

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Main buildings of this snowbound Arctic Air Force station are Armco MULTI-PLATE Pipe 18 feet in diameter. Towers are entrances. New sections are added to towers as buildings become submerged.

Air Force buildings of Armco Steel "float" on polar icecap

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Far above the Arctic Circle, United States airmen are protected from the weather in a unique Air Force installation. Giant steel structures, made of Armco MULTI-PLATE® Pipe, fight snow and storms on Greenland's polar icecap. Airmen live and work in rooms built inside the pipe.

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Besides making drainage products, Armco is a leading producer of special steels. Manufacturers use these steels to give you greater value in many products you buy for your home or business.



Two airmen move supplies along an Armco Pipe passageway. These corridors connect the main structures to each other. This is the second winter for the base, and all structures are now completely hidden below the level of the snow.



Weather observation is part of the purpose of this polar Air Force installation. Here an airman prepares to release a weather balloon. The Air Force also conducts research on other aspects of life in frozen wastes of the Arctic.



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From \$29.50 at fine stores.

Write Dept. T,

Simpson Imports, Inc.

9 E. 37th Street, New York.

MacArthur & Yalta

Sir:

As a Chinese citizen, I wish to thank TIME, Oct. 31 and General MacArthur for stating clearly that: "The issue involved at the origin of this controversy is not whether Russia should have been brought into the Pacific war but whether we should have made vital territorial concessions at the expense of Chinese sovereignty to induce Russia to come in at the end." . . . The apologists of Yalta are practically telling the world that Uncle Sam will do it again if the price is right or, as they say, "justifiable." If a nation must make concessions, let it give away its own possessions and rights; apparently the Yalta crowd did not know that *Nemo dat quod non habet* is within the limit of moral order.

(THE REV.) AUGUSTINUS TSEU

Director

Chinese Academy in Chicago
Chicago

Down on the Farm

Sir:

You have honored the 383,219 members of the Future Farmers of America by your story and a painting of Joe Moore on the Oct. 24 cover. On behalf of the members of the F.F.A. and the 10,000 teachers of vocational agriculture, we want you to know we appreciate the recognition you have given to one of the outstanding farm boys in the U.S.

A. W. TENNEY

National Executive Secretary

Future Farmers of America
Washington, D.C.

Sir:

Your 21-year-old F.F.A. champ who gets up at 4:30 a.m. to stop the hogs but falls asleep while penning a love letter concerning bulldozers to his sweetheart, truly epitomizes this chromium-plated age of chivalry.

JOHN R. BURROUGHS

Steamboat Springs, Colo.

Sir:

You are rendering a great service to the world by honoring such humble, unknown and yet hardy, wholesome producers of useful products instead of glorifying crooners, kings or queens, who too frequently occupy the covers of most magazines.

MRS. NO-YONG PARK

Oceanside, Calif.

* "No one gives what he has not."

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

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TIME
November 14, 1955

Sir:

I think that it would be appropriate to turn that smoothly satirical movie reviewer of yours loose on the star farmer story; all the ham wasn't left down on the farm.

GARY A. BRAGA

Ames, Iowa

Sir:

Joe Moore is America's answer to combat Communism and juvenile delinquency. May his tribe increase!

L. PHILIP SAMUELSON
Schenectady, N.Y.

Sir:

While giving us every other intimate detail of the F.F.A.'s personal life, did you not mention his political affiliations. Is Joe Moore one of those awful Democrats?

BETTY GRUDIN

Syracuse, N.Y.

¶ Says Joe: "I like President Eisenhower mighty well, but if he don't run, I don't know if I'll vote." —Ed.

The Church of Christ

Sir:

We appreciate the story on Joe Moore, and are thankful that the girl to whom he is to be married is here in David Lipscomb College. However, we believe that you hurt these two young people by what you said concerning the Church of Christ. This church was in existence over 1,500 years before Thomas and Alexander Campbell were born.

WILLARD COLLINS

David Lipscomb College
Nashville

Sir:

It is true that the Campbells had much to do in launching the movement to restore primitive Christianity. However, they were by no means the only ones. The term "Campbellite" is greatly resented by members of the Church of Christ.

HOMER PUTNAM REEVES
Minister

Central Church of Christ
Houston

Detroit's Dinosaurs

Sir:

Re "The Horsepower Race [Oct. 24]": I have registered my protest against 300 h.p., 20-ft. behemoths of the road that bring traffic in our metropolitan alleyways (called streets) to a jell. I have bought one of those

STETSON

First choice of the man on the way up

for that accent
on youth

THE IVY LEAGUE

\$10



Gentlemen, the word is charcoal

In the vanguard of style are those immensely flattering darker tones in blacks and grays, greens and browns that blend with and echo the season's color trend in suits and accessories. Notice, too, the narrow brim, the

tapered crown, the subtly striped band—all contributing to the wide-awake, youthful look. This is every inch—and every ounce—a hat for men who're going places. Why not step in and step out with a Stetson Ivy League today? OTHER STETSON HATS TO \$100. PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA.



*How to have a split-personality
and like it . . . with the*

WORSTED-TEX® Businessman's Wardrobe

We don't mean to intimate that you have Schizophrenia . . . but have you ever considered how many different lives you actually do lead? During the day you can be "the-man-behind-the-desk"; at night, a *bon vivant*; on weekends, a country gentleman; and on any day, a busy traveller. For your *different lives*, Worsted-Tex has designed new and *different* kinds of clothes—suits and coats with just the right type of *fashion* and *function* needed to take you correctly and comfortably through every occasion.



← BEHIND THE DESK

You'll want apparel that can look poised and distinguished, without being dull. Deftly expressing your desires is this rich V. I. P. Flannel, in the newest black-brown shade. An excellent investment at \$65.*

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You want your attire to maintain the right "dress-up" appearance, yet keep you feeling easy and comfortable. To achieve that result, we suggest this handsome, 100% Wool Shetland Topcoat, with a new baby herringbone effect. \$65.*

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European 4-cylinder jobs. With only 35 h.p., it rolls along easily at 50, 60, 70 m.p.h., and gives 30 to 40 miles per gal. It's a car for one who still likes to drive; I don't like to be driven by gadgets, neither do I want a living room or a parlor car on wheels. I predict that the monsters from Detroit will become as extinct as the dinosaur. It is still true that "The meek shall inherit the earth."

(THE REV.) T. H. RESSLER
Lutheran Church of the Messiah
Flushing, N.Y.

Cartoons for the Republic

Sir:

TIME, Oct. 24, says that the Fund for the Republic did not proceed with a television program featuring Herblock, the distinguished editorial cartoonist of the Washington Post and Times Herald, because it decided that he was "too hot to handle." Herblock's work is not considered "too hot to handle" by many great publications here and abroad which maintain the highest standards of journalism; and he was never considered "too hot" by the Fund, which found his work excellent.

TIME further stated that the "official reason" for not proceeding with the program was that "he (Herblock) is too political." The Fund said only that his effectiveness as a news commentator would depend in large part on his complete freedom to discuss current issues and particular legislation. As the project proceeded, it became apparent to the Fund and to Herblock both that it would not be practical to limit his field of discussion to the boundaries set by the legal status of the Fund.

ROBERT M. HUTCHINS

President

The Fund for the Republic Inc.
New York City

Sir:

You say right-wingers "bombed" me "heavily" for a cartoon drawn just before Ike's illness. Total repercussions of that cartoon and effects of that "heavy bombardment," as checked with the editors of the Washington Post and Times Herald: two letters, one of which said the cartoon sounded fine and requested a copy of it. You say the Fund for the Republic decided I was "too hot to handle." In the spring of this year, I made two pilot films for the Fund at its request. After seeing these films, the Fund directors unanimously voted \$200,000 for a 26-week series. My temperature was no different in the autumn when I did two more films for program use. You say the "official reason" for dropping the project was that I was "too political." This the Fund did not say. The program films were, in fact, no more political (in the sense implied by your article) than the original pilot films, which dealt with such subjects as postal censorship and the internal security program, and were received with enthusiasm by the Fund's directors.

HERB BLOCK

The Washington Post and Times Herald
Washington, D.C.

TIME, which has never considered Cartoonist Herblock or his work too hot to handle, is determined to remain cool under the collar.—ED.

Health & Dedication

Sir:

You have had your fun through the years razzing my father with your "Body Love" phrase. Isn't it a shame you cannot use it any more?

Now that he has gone to his just reward, I think your Oct. 24 obituary could have been more kind, or was it impossible? My dad dedicated his life to making the world health conscious.

HELEN MACPADDEN WIEGERS
Larchmont, N.Y.

Pitcher's Penmanship

Sir:

Is Hero Podres just resting his left hand in your Oct. 17 picture, or does he bat and write righthanded?

T. CLINT CROSS

Syracuse, Kans.

For important matters like batting and pitching, Johnny Podres keeps to



Grayville—Lore



Associated Press

PODRES' RIGHT (LEFT) & LEFT (RIGHT)

his left; when autographing a baseball, he moves to his right.—ED.

Teaching the Deaf

Sir:

I read the Oct. 24 story about Northampton's Clarke School for the Deaf with great interest; I found some statements which I wholly disagree with—especially on the sign language for the deaf. It is a beautiful and fascinating language. We deaf people are proud of our language and are learning. We learned faster under deaf teachers than others. A hearing person who is adept in sign language and has the welfare of the deaf schoolchildren in their hearts makes a good teacher. I will not argue that point with you, but the deaf teacher makes a better teacher as they understand the deaf students' problems.

MRS. HARMON REEDER SR.
Dayton, Ore.

Sir:

Very warm personal thanks for the wonderful story. This is a cause that is very close to my heart, and I am most grateful to you for bringing to the attention of your readers the effort being made at Clarke School to do for little deaf children what other schools are doing for those blessed with hearing. Teaching the deaf child to lip-read and to talk, and thus take his place in our hearing world, is only one facet of the work—another important part is to bring about a greater public understanding of the problems of the deaf, and in this you have helped immeasurably.

MRS. CALVIN COOLIDGE
The Clarke School for the Deaf
Northampton, Mass.

Maidens from Japan

Sir:

The Hiroshima maidens who journeyed to Manhattan for plastic surgery have asked us to write you and tell you that they have seen the Oct. 24 story of their progress. They feel you should tell the American people of the other devoted members of the project whose time, labor and efforts have been as

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important to their return to life as even the surgery itself. The three men who have made their trip possible and who have been saintly in their care for them have been Mr. Norman Cousins, Dr. Arthur Barsky and Dr. William M. Hitzig. Dr. Hitzig, who brought to fruition Mr. Cousins' inspiration to bring the maidens to America, has been the medical director and has been a dear father, bringing smiles of happiness to their faces and keeping them warm and well day and night. Plastic surgery is repairing their bodies. But the great love of these people, we feel, is just as significant and should be recorded.

HELEN YOKAYAMA

Counselor to the Hiroshima Maidens

TOMIN HARADA

Director, Hiroshima Atomic Bomb

Treatment Council

New York City

The Saar

Sir:

Your Oct. 17 Saar article presents a distorted viewpoint and serves only as anti-German propaganda. Has it ever occurred to your reporter why the Saarlanders have so recently started to demonstrate? Since the close of World War II, the Saar has been a police state. Any attempt on the part of the Saarlanders towards self-determination was rigorously suppressed.

URSULA SMITH

San Francisco

Sir:

It is beyond doubt that France bitterly needs the economic resources of the Saar, but they tried to pull a fast one on the Germans. The best thing would have been to destroy those silly frontiers between France and Germany. Until 1952 there was a genuine feeling in Germany in favor of a European union. Now, since we have the luck of living as good and better than our neighbors, this onetime far-spread movement is dying out, and it really is a pity. Perhaps, when the political weakness of the French has been overcome, there will be a good chance for a union between France and Germany. Let's hope that one glorious day it will become a reality.

JOST PRUSSING

Sydney, Australia

Crown of Thorns

Sir:

Before reading your Oct. 24 explanation of the *Crown of Thorns* by Alfred Manessier, the painting had already become a "meaningful experience" to me. I thought it was two red eggs in the nest of a mentally confused bird, over which a one-eyed crap shooter had carefully laid a spiked steel trap.

H. DUTTON

Portland, Ore.

The Continental

SIR:

I NOTED WITH INTEREST THE REACTION IN YOUR OCT. 31 LETTERS COLUMN TO YOUR OCT. 10 STORY ON THE CONTINENTAL MARK II WHICH ERRONEOUSLY STATES THAT "PRESSAGENTS LET WORD LEAK THAT POTENTIAL CUSTOMERS WOULD BE CHECKED FOR SOCIAL STANDING." SUCH RUMORS ARE NEITHER TRUE NOR WERE THEY INSTIGATED BY THIS DIVISION. THE CONTINENTAL MARK II IS SOLD BY THE FORD MOTOR CO. TO FRANCHISED DEALERS, WHO IN TURN MAY SELL IT TO WHOMEVER THEY WISH.

WILLIAM CLAY FORD

VICE PRESIDENT FORD MOTOR CO.

GENERAL MANAGER

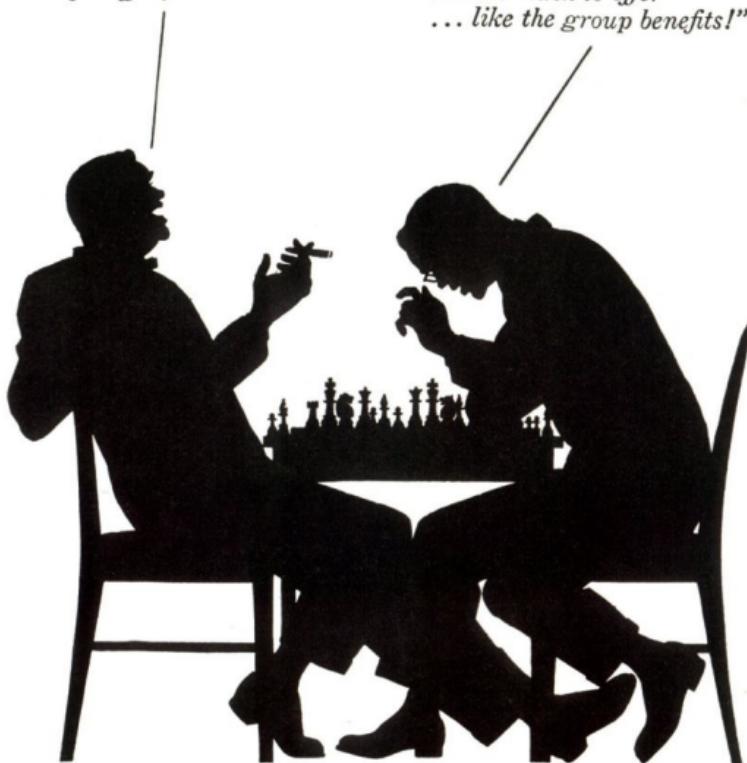
CONTINENTAL DIVISION

Detroit

¶ Noted with interest.—Ed.

*"Taking that new
job offer, Pete?"*

*"Not me! National Gypsum
has too much to offer
... like the group benefits!"*



NATIONAL GYPSUM COMPANY, maker of famous Gold Bond building products, invests in a plan of group insurance with Connecticut General as part of its employee relations program. This plan features Life, Accident and Sicknes, and Hospital Benefits.

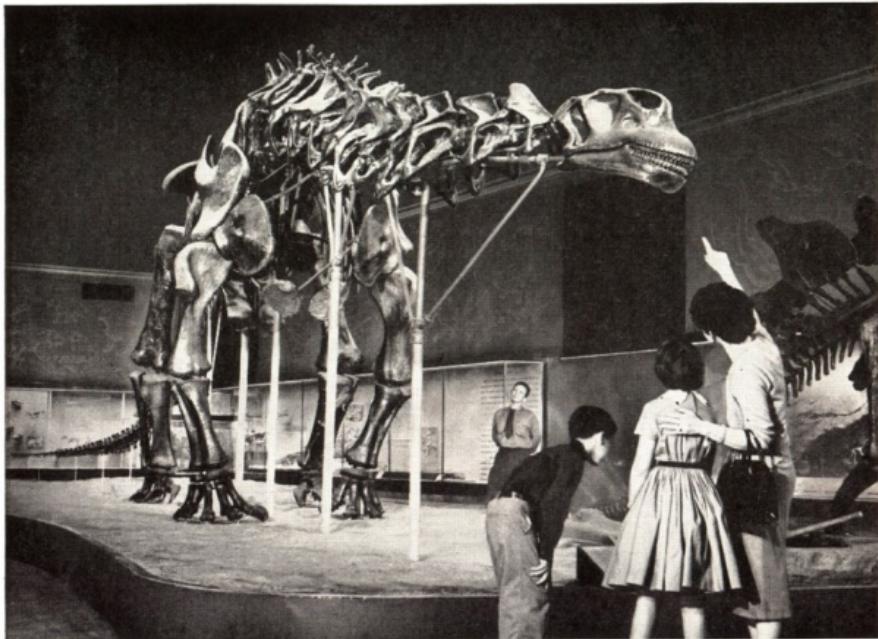
THIS KIND OF PROTECTION contributes to the thought that "this is a good place to work." What's more, by easing employees' minds of important money worries, it permits greater concentration on the job, helps to bring about improved production.

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Connecticut General

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Here in a short afternoon, you can see how the American Indians used to live, you can study birdlife beneath brilliant Pacific skies, stroll along the ocean floor or visit the stars in the Hayden Planetarium. In Brontosaur Hall you look up at the 66-foot skeleton of the "Thunder Lizard" and look back over some 200,000,000 years. You'll see



actual dinosaur footprints found by a Sinclair-sponsored expedition, and run your fingers over a piece of fossilized bone, mounted on a pedestal for those who would like to touch a dinosaur.

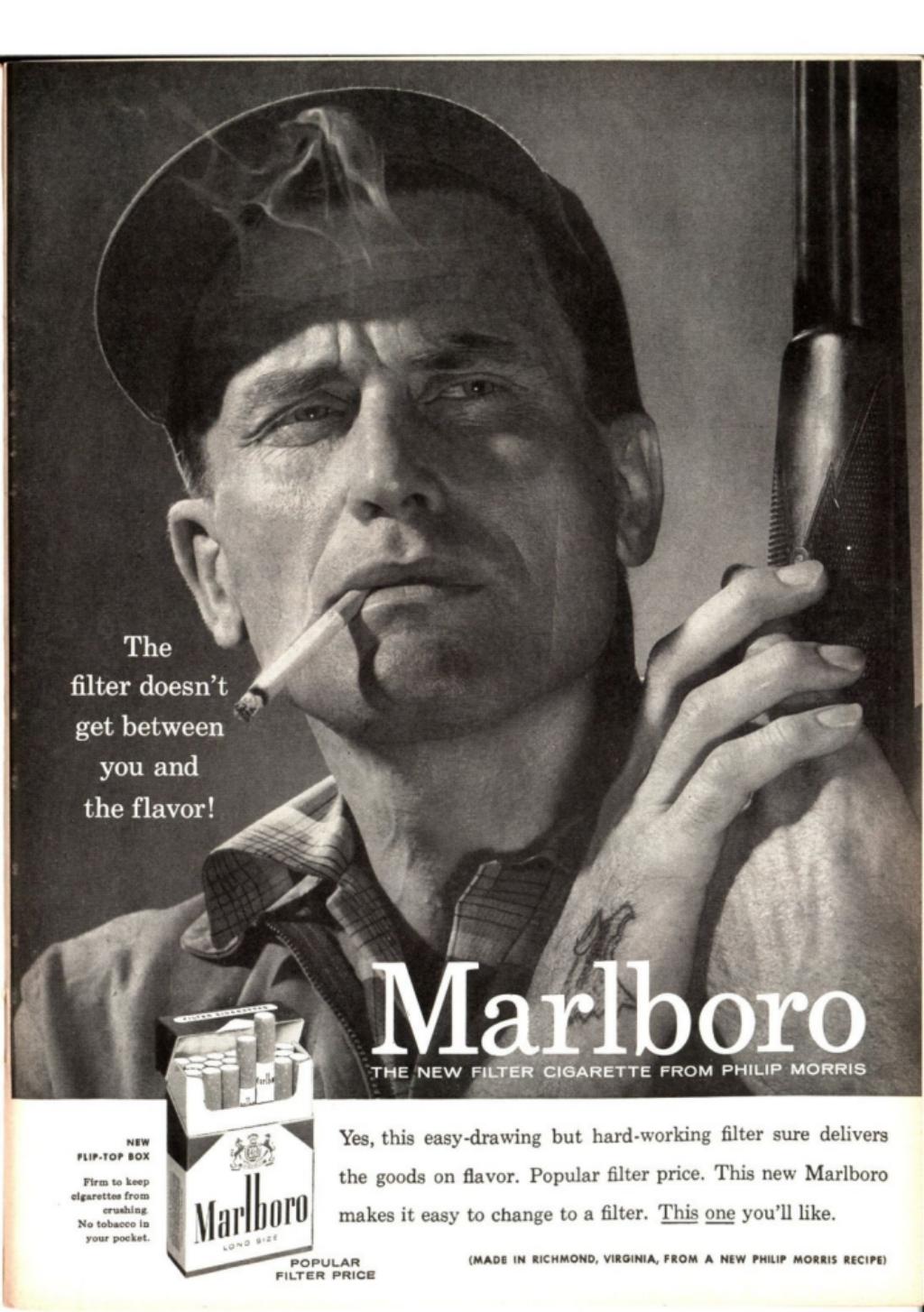
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get between
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CV-9



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PUBLISHER'S LETTER

JIM KEOGH



Martha Holmes

Dear TIME-Reader:

TIME has a few editors who attended one-room country schools. It even has one who went to a one-pupil schoolhouse. He is Associate Editor James C. Keogh, who wrote this week's cover story on Governor Averell Harriman.

Jim Keogh, who was born 39 years ago on a 280-acre farm in Platte County, Neb., was eleven and in the seventh grade in 1928 when he was the lone pupil in District 42 School in Burrows Township. With the undivided attention of Teacher Elizabeth Liebig, he studied seventh- and eighth-grade lessons simultaneously. In between, he argued politics with Teacher Liebig: she was for Prohibition and against Al Smith; he was for Smith, against Prohibition.

But despite this precocious interest in politics, when Jim went off to Humphrey High School, ten miles from the farm, he decided that he would not be a politician but would keep tabs on politicians as a newsman. He edited the high school news in the Humphrey *Democratic* and, later, was managing editor of the *Creightonian* at Creighton University.

In 1938 Keogh went to work on the Omaha *World-Herald*. Moving up through the city hall, courthouse and state legislature beats, he

became known as one of the most astute political reporters in the Midwest. Nebraska politicos still remember him as a hard-hitting but impartial newsman. Jim was the *World-Herald* city editor when he left Omaha in 1951 to come to TIME as a National Affairs writer.

At TIME, Keogh took to national politics with the same native savvy that he showed for Midwest politics. But he ranged farther afield, into law, military and foreign affairs. Up to now, he has written 18 cover stories. His first was on Adlai Stevenson (TIME, Jan. 28, 1952). Among others: Harry Dexter White (TIME, Nov. 23, 1953), Supreme Court Justice Earl Warren (TIME, Dec. 21, 1953), State Secretary John Foster Dulles (TIME, Jan. 3). His favorite: our July Fourth cover on President Eisenhower. During the past year Keogh wrote the lead story for 23 issues of the magazine, reviewing sometimes lightly the mood of the nation, but mostly in a serious vein the state of the national economy or our foreign relations. He also sat in as editor of NATIONAL AFFAIRS, BUSINESS AND PRESS.

As he finished writing the Harriman cover last week, Jim noted: "One thing I have in common with the governor—we were both for Al Smith in 1928."

Cordially yours,

James A. Luce

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ABP

Gentlemen:

Since I was a little girl (ancient history as I have a teenage grandson), I have been a constant user of telephone conveniences -- home, business and social-wise. Therefore my heretofore unexpressed appreciation I am now expressing in just, "Thank you."

A slogan for you could be, "Never more than a call apart," for that is what I have always been from my family, my customers and my friends.

Too many of us take our blessings for granted and the telephone is one of them. Very truly yours,
Alberta F. Barse.

B.
195
New

"Never More than a Call Apart"

We received a very nice letter from a woman on Long Island, N.Y., the other day and we thought you might like to share it with us.

Mrs. Barse's letter is typical of the many we receive from people who are kind enough to write

about the value of their service and the friendliness and help of telephone people.

Such letters are not only pleasant to receive but an encouragement to all of us to do even better in the days to come.



MRS. ALBERTA F. BARSE

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

Homeward Bound

After six weeks in Denver, the convalescing President grew happily restive as the autumn days flew swiftly. He walked as much as 500 feet without halting; his visitors were many. He talked to visitors about his heart attack. For the first few days, under sedation, he had felt completely spent, not caring what happened next. He had felt his own pulse and found it laboring like a weary steam locomotive: "Chug . . . Chug. Chug. Chug . . . Chuuuug." Now the rhythm was calm and strong and regular. That was a good sign, and there were many more.

His medical bulletins eliminated the phrase "without complications." He shaved standing up; barber Martin Himmelbach cut his hair. He phoned the Doud home to say hello to Mamie's mother. With his painting easel, he sat out in the bright-lit sun-deck foyer in a straightback chair, copying a recent *LIFE* photograph of his grandson, David, which showed the boy in a black ten-gallon hat with a fishing rod over his shoulder.

The Electric Chair. Often he walked down the hall to Mamie's room to chat and pace the room for exercise while she breakfasted or lunched. His own meals were hearty ones: steak, prime ribs of beef, roast partridge. Attendants brought his lunch to Mamie's room one day, his breakfast the next. He was allowed to roam about whenever he wanted to on the hospital's eighth floor, permitted out of bed any time except during his two-hour afternoon rest. Pushing its control button, he received some visitors in "my electric chair," a fancy convalescent device that raised and lowered his back and legs or gently oscillated. After 15-minute morning huddles with Sherman Adams, he received official callers, among them Postmaster General Summerfield and Labor Secretary Mitchell. Summerfield later told reporters that he had talked to the President about legislation to raise first-class mail rates to 4¢, airmail to 7¢.

Ike's most interesting visitor of the week was Britain's famed Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery, who stormed Fitzsimons Army Hospital in a gorgeously gaudy uniform, with 38 ribbons in ten rows.

After a 40-minute talk with Ike, centering on Germany, Monty faced newsmen, said: "The President looks better than I ever saw him before . . . alert, interested

. . . I was amazed." Monty, who went to Denver in lieu of keeping a year-old battle-field, warmed to his subject: "He's your President, but there are a lot of us in Europe who want to come and see him . . . We value him very highly, terribly highly . . . He is one of the very few who . . . visualize this vast problem [defense of the free world] in a global way.

"A great many political leaders today

of two words, or you can take it in one: no or nuts. Does that answer that one?" Cracked Monty: "That's what you call a fast ball."

A chest X ray taken last week with Ike in a standing position showed that his heart remains normal in size. "The doctors are very pleased," reported Jim Hagerty. One final physical task—stair-climbing—remained before the President qualified for departure, scheduled for Nov. 11,



BRITAIN'S LORD MONTGOMERY & PRESIDENTIAL ASSISTANT ADAMS
"He is not only your guy, but our guy."

have a background that is legal . . . [They] approach problems from that angle, legal or logical. He approaches them from a human, emotional angle. He can just smile at people and they do try. He is not only your guy, but our guy. He's needed today from the world angle and from your national angle . . . I go away refreshed and having drawn inspiration from that man."

"No or Nuts." After that testimonial, reporters asked if the President seemed eager to get back to work. Said Infantryman Monty, mixing a cavalry metaphor: "He's biting the curb. I think he's eager to resume the reins." Then reporters asked Press Secretary Hagerty to comment on recurring suggestions that the President might resign if he decides not to run again. Said Hagerty: "You can take it in either

when he will go to Washington, then on to his farm home at Gettysburg. At week's end, he had begun practicing on a two-step exercise stile in his room, preparing for the steps he would soon climb to board his plane, the *Columbine*—homeward bound.

Travel Notes

It would be a quiet trip home on *Columbine III*, and a man could ask for no more delightful way to go. As Ike enters his own door, passing the big Presidential Seal pasted on the plane's silver-sheathed fuselage, he will board one of the most comfortable and air-ready vehicles that ever left earth (*see cut*).

Waiting for the trip home, *Columbine's* commander, Lieut. Colonel William G. Draper, who flew Ike at SHAPE, kept

his eight-man crew in peak sharpness. They flew around Denver at least four hours a week (minimum: 30 hours monthly), made at least one weekly round trip to Washington at the 13,000-to-15,000-ft. altitude planned for taking the President home. "A flying plane," said Pilot Draper, "is a safe plane."

Thirty Seconds. From the tapered tip of its special plastic radar nose that gives the 116-ft. *Columbine* an eye on weather 200 miles ahead to the specially rubberized presidential escape chute that makes for cooler slides to the ground after a forced landing, the fussed-over plane is thoroughly checked after every 50 hours in the air. The four turboprop engines of ordinary Super Constellations are overhauled at the 1,200-hour mark; *Columbine's* get torn apart after 600 hours.

Its crew is hand-picked. Assisting Draper, who doubles as presidential Air Force aide, are Majors William W. Thomas, the copilot, and Vincent Puglisi, the navigator. The five enlisted crewmen, all master sergeants, are graduates of Lockheed's factory school in Burbank, Calif. Every three months the pilots go through a rigid flight test under the gimlet eyes of top Air Force inspectors. Before each flight they plan how to buckle on Ike's parachute within 30 seconds. Before the President takes a trip, they may fly thousands of miles from Washington merely to practice instrument landings at his destination. They are prepared to fly anywhere in the world on two hours' notice.

Muted Green. With an interior designed by Henry Dreyfuss, the *Columbine* itself combines the accoutrement of an aerial yacht and the functions of a flying White House. To its chief passengers, the President and Mrs. Eisenhower, the entire rear third of the plane is devoted. There a softly muted green—"Eisenhower

green"—strikes a note of easy relaxation: grey-green carpets on the floors, rich green gabardine on the walls, white vinyl plastic on the ceiling. In the spacious stateroom, with its bleached walnut wood-work and grey-green-striped bouclé upholstery, the Eisenhowers may fasten themselves with green safety belts into two big green swivel chairs, gazing out at blue sky through green-curtained windows. At night they may retire on the two wide green divans that convert into luxurious three-quarter beds, falling asleep to the strains of recorded symphonic music.

From the stainless-steel galley they may expect first-rate meals, prepared beforehand on the ground. If a journey is made on short notice, there is enough canned food stowed in *Columbine* to put on elaborate meals during a globe-circling flight without an additional pinch of salt.

For those assigned to protect and serve them, including Secret Service men and armed air policemen, plush seats in the two forward compartments become upper and lower berths, allowing 16 passengers to sleep comfortably, 24 with some doubling up. There are three rest rooms aboard, plus the Eisenhowers' green leather-walled dressing room aft. Two Air Force stewards stand ready at all times to supply hot coffee, cold highballs, tooth-paste or razor blades.

To call the ground from the air, the President has a radiotelephone; on the ground a regular instrument is plugged into public lines at airports. Forward in the navigator's compartment are Tele-types in direct radio contact with the White House. A Mimeograph, tape recorder and electric typewriter for Ike's secretary, Mrs. Ann Whitman, complete communications equipment.

In such surroundings one day soon, the President will make his 1,500-mile trip

home at an easy 300 m.p.h. Strolling forward beneath the St. Christopher medal above his stateroom door, he can visit Pilots Draper and Thomas in the big instrument-studded cockpit. It would not be so long now before they pointed out the Capitol dome below, gleaming and grave in the late November afternoon.

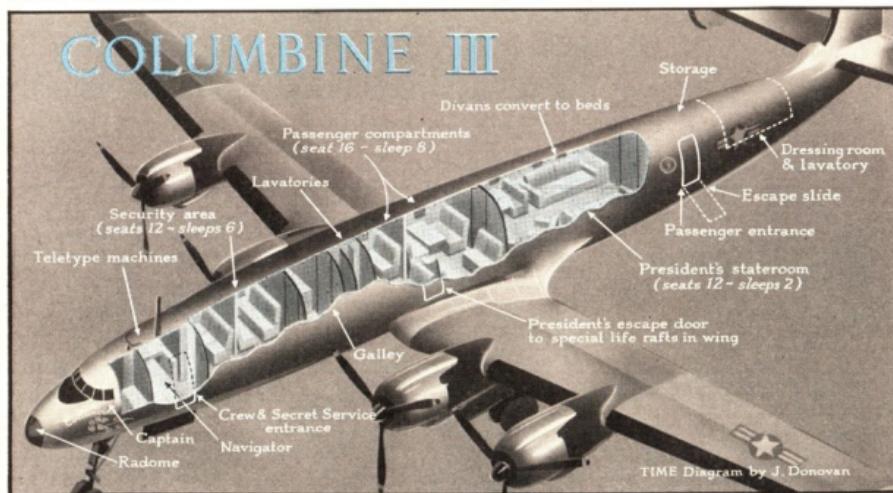
NEW YORK

The Girl from Kansas

"My father despised publicity," said Elizabeth Woodward Pratt. "As children, we were never allowed to be photographed." Her father, the late William Woodward, was a topflight U.S. banker, a figure in authentic Manhattan society and, as master of Belair Stud (Gallant Fox, Omaha), one of the most widely respected sportsmen on two continents. Last week the glare of worldwide publicity beat in a way it never had before on the Woodward family. Had the wife of William Woodward Jr., deliberately shot him in that darkened hallway in their Long Island home? Was it an accident? Was there a connection between his death and the gaudy life, so different from his father's, that Bill Woodward and his wife led? The story belonged more to her biography than to the dignified annals of the Woodwards.

The Farmer's Daughter. Ann Woodward was born nearly 40 years ago on a farm four miles west of Pittsburg, Kans. (pop. 20,000) and named Angelina Lucile (later Lucille) Crowell. At some time in her rise to fame and fortune she shucked seven years from her age, along with most other details of her ordinary but respectable past.

When Angeline was three, in 1918, the Crowell farm failed, and the family moved to another farm near Hugoton, Kans.



Four years later that farm failed, too, and the Crowells moved into Pittsburg. There, when Angelina was eight, her mother and father were divorced. Last week father Jesse Crowell, 64, a retired streetcar conductor in Gaylord, Mich., was amazed and "awful sorry" to learn that Ann Woodward was the daughter he had not seen or heard of in 23 years. "I taught her how to sit on a horse, and she later became a good rider," he recalled proudly. "I'm sure that was a great help to her when she began to associate with high society." For years he had been under the impression that his daughter was actress Eve Arden (*Our Miss Brooks*).

After her parents' divorce, pretty Angelina and her mother stayed in Pittsburg, where Ethel Crowell (who was also a pretty blonde) taught social science in the high school, and was married and divorced a second time. During the Depression, Mrs. Crowell operated a four-hack taxicab company in Kansas City, and she and her daughter lived in a shabby apartment back of the taxicab office. Angelina was "shy and insecure," according to a cousin, and had one ambition that amounted to an obsession: to go to Hollywood and become a film star.

After graduating from Kansas City's Westport High School in 1932, the girl clerked in the Kansas City Junior League Thrift Shop, later worked as a salesgirl and a model in Harzfeld's specialty shop. In 1938 she changed her name to Ann Eden and went to New York in search of fame. She was a Powers model. ("An all-round, wholesome-looking girl," recalls John Robert Powers. "We don't get calls for them like that any more. Nowadays they want a cadaverous look.")

The Girl in the Copacabana. From modeling, Ann progressed to acting. In 1939, when Bill Woodward was a schoolboy at Groton, she was a showgirl in Noel Coward's girlshow, *Set to Music*. Later she had some minor success in radio soap operas, e.g., *Joyce Jordan, Girl Interne*, and in nightclubs. One night in 1943 Ensign Bill Woodward, just out of Harvard and just sworn in for wartime service with the Navy, spotted a girl wearing a cat costume in the chorus line at the Copacabana. It was Ann, and it was love. After a two-week engagement, they were married in Tacoma, Wash. Bill went to sea duty (later he was one of 272 survivors of 916 aboard the torpedoed carrier *Liscome Bay*), and Ann moved in with her new in-laws.

The Woodwards were frankly disappointed with their son's wife, but accepted her "with reserve." Under the tutelage of Mrs. William Woodward Sr. (one of the Cryder triplets of New York), at whose balls guests are lighted up the stairway by a row of candelabra-bearing footmen, Ann met her family friends.

The girl from Kansas caught on fast. When Bill Woodward came home from the war, Ann led him rapidly away from the staid social world, in which his family had always moved, into gayer, more publicized spheres of international society. "Bill was brought up differently," says



Bert Morgan from Phil Burchman

MR. & MRS. WILLIAM WOODWARD JR. & FRIENDS*
"They infected one another with a sort of tension."

Mrs. Pratt, his sister. "Ann loved the gay life, the excitement of being always on the go—and she drew Bill into it. He wasn't as enthusiastic about it as she was, but he went along with it." Amid the glamour, the Woodwards' domestic life was anything but serene. As Bill matured, he grew more attractive to women, and Ann, five years older and desperately hiding the fact, began to fade. There were frequent quarrels, embarrassing scenes, separations and reconciliations. Seven years ago the two seriously discussed divorce, but called it off for the sake of their two young sons. Bill was rumored to be enamored of an Italian princess at one time; Ann saw a lot of Aly Khan during one temporary separation in Paris. Each hired private detectives to shadow the other.

Suffering from an acute sense of insecurity and flickering suspicions, Ann Woodward sometimes created volcanic public scenes with her husband. In El Morocco one night, she scratched Bill Woodward's face until it bled, after he pulled out a handkerchief with a lipstick stain on it. At the Marquis de Cuevas' ball in Biarritz two years ago (*TIME*, Sept. 14, 1953), Ann, dressed as a red devil, reacted violently when she saw her husband dancing with Carmen Sainte, the beautiful Chilean-born wife of a big French rope-and-hemp man. During the dance, Mme. Sainte wrapped her enormous Spanish shawl around Woodward, and the two rumbled together underneath. Ann fumed up to them, ripped off the shawl, tore Mme. Sainte's dress, slapped her face, slapped Bill, finally had to be forcibly restrained.

Emotional Dither. In spite of its Frankie-and-Johnnie mood, the marriage persisted. Two years ago Bill Woodward's father died. Bill inherited millions and the thoroughbred, Nashua, which the elder Woodward had intended to race in Britain. Bill decided to keep the colt in the

U.S., and Nashua became the greatest racer since Citation. Up until then, Bill had not cared much for his father's hobby, but he took over gracefully and intelligently the role of a leading turfman. (At the time young Bill was killed, Belair Stud, with \$831,025 in purses, was the leading money-winning stable of 1955.) Recently, Woodward and his wife had seemed to their friends and relatives to be much happier together. But they still had a peculiar emotional effect on each other. The week of the killing they got into an emotional dither over evidence that a prowler had broken into their Oyster Bay home. Explained Dr. John Prutting, Ann Woodward's physician:

"Separately, they were able to keep themselves under control. But when they were together they infected one another with the sort of tension each might be feeling at the moment, and built it up tremendously. It was like that with everything, and that obviously was what happened in the case of the prowler. Between them, they built up their fear and determination to catch the prowler into an obsession. When Mrs. Woodward was startled by the noise, grabbing the shotgun and shooting was a conditioned reflex."

After police found Ann Woodward, wearing a transparent blue negligee and a black brassiere and weeping hysterically beside the naked body of her husband, Dr. Prutting packed her off to Manhattan's swank Doctors Hospital.

Speaking for the family, Mrs. Pratt indignantly rejected the theory that the relationship between her brother and his wife was one that was likely to lead to homicide. "In spite of everything, they were in love," she said. "Bill didn't have

* At a Palm Beach polo match, starring Porfirio Rubirosa, last March. Standing: Bill Woodward; seated: Stephen ("Laddie") Sanford, Ann Woodward, Mrs. Sanford, Mrs. Mario Pansa (Sanford's sister), Chicago's Charles Wacker III, the Duke and Duchess of Windsor.

to live with her, you know. He stayed because he loved her, and liked her. She was fun to be with. And Ann—not only did she love him, it was as Mrs. William Woodward that she was able to live the life she loved."

The Last Dance. A different view, fed by the sensation makers among Bill and Ann Woodward's acquaintances, raised in the press and in millions of conversations the question of possible murder. Long Island police, who also feel the lure of publicity, questioned all of the 58 guests at a party given the night before the killing by Mrs. George F. Baker in honor of the Duchess of Windsor. They did not learn much. Both the Woodwards had seemed overly excited about the prowler. The party had been decorous. Woodward, chemical analysis showed, had no more than two drinks. (Ann rarely took a drink.) He had sat next to Brenda Frazier Kelly and had danced the last dance with Laddie Sanford's wife, Mary Duncan Sanford, both longtime acquaintances. The Duchess of Windsor had congratulated Woodward on Nashua's performance.

The Woodwards left the party about 1 o'clock, drove home and went to their separate bedrooms. Ann, not a habitual user of sleeping pills, took one that night for cramps. What waked her has not been discovered. Police picked up Paul Wirths, a German refugee; he admitted that it was he who a few nights previously had broken into a cabana and a six-car garage on the Woodward estate and alarmed the family. He said he had not returned on the night of the killing, and he proved it.

Ann Woodward's story was that, hearing a noise, she picked up the loaded shotgun kept in her room because of the prowler and fired both barrels across the hallway between her and her husband's bedrooms. One of the charges took Bill Woodward square in the face. The mystery was how a woman supposedly practiced in the use of firearms could unknowingly shoot her husband at 10 ft. But former hunting companions were not surprised. One said that Ann, who seemed to take joy in hunting, always seemed to be looking one way and shooting another. Russell Havenstrite, a Los Angeles oilman, who, with his wife, had hunted tigers in India with Ann Woodward, said that he had made up his mind that he "wouldn't go into a forest again with her . . . She nearly shot me a couple of times. She's a dangerous person to have a gun in her hands, even when she's only after birds."

Last week 500 people crowded into St. James' Episcopal church for Bill Woodward's funeral; thousands more stood outside on Madison Avenue. His widow, still too upset to attend the services, sent a blanket of white chrysanthemums dotted with red carnations, a floral expression of Belair's racing colors—white, red spots, scarlet cap. An inscribed ribbon with this sent through the Woodward connection a slight shudder, quickly repressed by family loyalty. Recalling Ann and Bill's pet names for each other, it read: "From Dunk to Monk."

CRIME

Death of a Neighbor

Bill and Laurie Nelson were among the quietest couples on Bethany Home Road, a well-tailored neighborhood just outside the city limits of Phoenix, Ariz. They owned their home, a rambling ranch house trimmed with apple-green cement blocks; they were surrounded by tasteful but not lavish trappings—Louis XIV-style furniture, a collection of miniature ivory elephants, a lantana-and-plumbago hedge planted and tended by Bill Nelson himself.

Around Phoenix, 55-year-old Bill Nelson seemed like a retired businessman, indicating that he had been a cattle broker. Every morning he would drive



International
LABOR RACKETEER BIOFF
"I was utterly ruthless."

downhill in his 1953 Ford pickup truck to look over the stock-market quotations. One morning last week he got into his truck as usual, waved goodbye to his wife, and attempted to start the engine. There was a thunderous explosion, and Bill's broken body fell near the driveway, 15 feet from the pile of junk that had been a truck.

Within a few hours the neighbors knew who Bill Nelson really was. He was none other than Willie ("The Squealer") Bioff, frog-faced labor racketeer and longtime associate of the old Chicago Syndicate.

A 50% Man. Willie Bioff started out on the West Side of Chicago, the son of Russian immigrants. He graduated from selling newspapers to pandering, for which he drew a six-month sentence in 1922.

Willie soon joined with the Capone mob, became a specialist in labor-management relations. When the syndicate took over the International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees, A.F.L., Willie moved to Hollywood. Several years later, he was convicted along with the president of the

union, George Browne, of extorting \$550,000 from the studios under the threat of union strikes. Willie bragged that the take was \$1,000,000. Willie got ten years, but was released in 1944, after he testified against the directorate of the syndicate. Among Willie's courtroom reminiscences:

Q. Did you once draw up a five-year plan for taking over 20% of Hollywood's profits and eventually a 50% interest in the studios?

A. If we'd lasted that long, we would have.

Q. Did you ever say you were boss of Hollywood and could make producers do what you wanted?

A. Yes—and I could make them dance to my music . . . I was utterly ruthless.

Not Long to Live. Staring coldly at Willie Bioff as he discoursed upon their activities was an imposing array of hoodlums: Gunnar Paul ("The Waiter") de Lucia, Musclemen Phil ("The Squire") D'Andrea, beer-war alumnus Charles ("Cherry Nose") Gioe, Machine-Gunner Louis ("Little New York") Campagna, Frank ("The Immune") Maritote, alias Frankie Diamond. One man was not there, yet his shadow frowned large: Frank ("The Enforcer") Nitti, a successor to Al Capone, had committed suicide the day of the indictment. Duly, the directorate was convicted. It was felt that Willie did not have long to live. By making himself hard to find, Willie stretched it out to eleven years.

Last week Maricopa County police put together bits of evidence indicating that Willie had recently been acting scared. He would not go out nights. He checked and rechecked the locks on his house. He even put the house up for sale. There was only the certainty that Willie left his pickup outside his house when he went to bed, an omission that led him to his sorry state on the morrow, lying mangled on his back minus a leg and a hand, staring emptily upwards at an orange tree full of fruit turning gold.

RACES

Apostle of Apartheid

For some time Georgia's Herman Talmadge has cast a covetous eye on the U.S. Senate seat that Walter George has occupied with distinction for 33 years. But 77-year-old Senator George likes it where he is. As a result, Talmadge, frustrated, has been bouncing around Georgia, squirting furtive jets of venom in Walter George's direction, but not quite daring an open, all-out attack.

Last week Herman continued his spray attack with a 79-page book, *You and Segregation*, which, while avoiding direct mention of Walter George, nevertheless emphasized the fact that Author Talmadge is a far more violent critic of the Supreme Court's desegregation decision than Senator George, who has made a career out of moderation.

"Will you listen, Americans?" Talmadge asks in the book. "Segregation in the South . . . has proven itself to the

best interest of both races . . . Nations composed of a mongrel race lose their strength and become weak, lazy and indifferent . . . easy prey to outside nations . . . exactly what the Communists want to happen to the United States." Talmadge offers to segregationists a two-point program 1) the whites must organize from the county level, to head off creeping integration; 2) white voters must beware of that "candidate . . . who will make deals, sell us out."

The book will serve Talmadge as a very handy campaign tool. After one week it had sold out its first printing of 10,000 copies in Atlanta (it will be published nationally this week), and a second printing of 50,000 copies was on the presses. Asked what he thought of the book's reception, Talmadge beamed: "I think it's just fine."

In Washington Walter George kept his own counsel. He has scheduled eleven speaking engagements in Georgia for this month, however, and is expected to announce before Thanksgiving that he will be a candidate for re-election.

DISASTERS

Sharing the Cost

In mid-August, the greatest flood in the history of the northeastern U.S. took almost 100 lives in the state of Connecticut, and caused about \$200 million worth of damage. Six hundred and sixty-eight homes were destroyed and 7,673 were damaged, at a cost of \$27.2 million; 1,943 business establishments and 922 farms suffered losses of \$136,400,000. Last month a second flood ravaged Connecticut, taking 17 lives and causing about \$30 million worth of damage. Last week a 20-man Flood Recovery Committee recommended to Governor Abraham Ribicoff that the state's share of the bill—about \$35 million—should be spread by a short-term tax program among all the people of the state because "the material loss to the survivors must be shared if the total community is to survive."

The committee, while concluding that there is no "sound" way of making outright grants to individual flood victims, specifically recommended that the state raise and disburse:

£2,280,000 of indirect aid to the victims of the flood, mostly by the abatement of taxes on property damaged 50% or more, also by providing about 300 temporary homes, low-interest mortgage and low-rental housing facilities.

£16,675,000 to municipalities and towns for repair of roads, bridges, schools, playgrounds and other public properties.

£16,286,000 to state departments and agencies for the repair of state highways and bridges, for the repair of buildings administered by local housing authorities, and for rehabilitating state properties such as parks, forests and official cars.

Next week Ribicoff will propose to a special session of the legislature that almost all the state taxes be raised 10% for the next two years so that the cost of the flood can be evenly divided.

DEMOCRATS

Ave & the Magic Mountain (See Cover)

The U.S. political scene is thickly populated by men who rose from one-mule farms, little houses beside the tracks, and fruit-and-vegetable markets along the main highways just outside of town. But few have struggled up to the political heights from a 100-ft. steam yacht, a 100-room house on a 20,000-acre estate, and a fortune of \$100 million. New York's William Averell Harriman is one politician who has overcome such handicaps to become the most important governor in the U.S. and to be mentioned frequently, if not yet very ponderably, as a candidate for President of the U.S. And he is still

country needs someone with a thorough grasp of foreign affairs. Averell has it. During World War II, he may have met Adlai Stevenson [who was an assistant to the Secretaries of Navy and State], but he is not likely to recall it. The fact is that Averell was working on a much higher level. The people he saw were Leahy and Marshall and Hopkins and Roosevelt."

Waiting for the Blowout. Harriman's partisans look upon Stevenson as a political retreat, done over from 1952, and they are watching and waiting and predicting the day the retreat wears thin and blows out. Their campaign strategy is based on the hope that Democratic leaders next spring will come to believe that they have on their hands a tired figure that has lost



GOVERNOR HARRIMAN AT HORSEHEADS SCHOOL
He knows the right words, and has gained 15 lbs.

John Burns

struggling up the steep slopes of politics' Magic Mountain.

Averell Harriman wants to be President, wants the office so much that it is hard for him not to seem too anxious. Not many politicians give Harriman much chance to get what he wants. But even the most skeptical, stopping to think, remember that only a year before the 1954 election in New York hardly any professional politicians thought that Harriman had a chance to be nominated and elected governor. While the politicians were doubting, Harriman was eminently confident that his hour had struck. Now he thinks of himself as exactly the right man to move into the White House on Jan. 20, 1957.

His mood has spread to some of the men closest to him. They make comparisons between Averell Harriman and Adlai Stevenson, and are inclined to look a long way down on Stevenson. Says a Harriman advocate: "I don't suppose there is anyone around who has had more experience in Government than Averell has had. The

as much of the old luster and appeal as Wendell Willkie had lost by 1944. An important Harriman supporter says of the 1952 nominee: "He hasn't made a good speech since early 1954."

Obviously, the Harriman forces are playing a long shot, and playing it negatively. They hope to stay on the sidelines, out of primaries, busy in New York (Harriman will have to cope with a Republican-controlled legislature from January into June next year). As he has said, he will not be an "active candidate." But let anyone say that this means he is not a candidate, and Tammany Hall Boss Carmine De Sapio, Harriman's secretary of state and political mastermind, gently but firmly weaves that word "active" back into the sentence.

Some active primary races between Adlai Stevenson and Tennessee's Senator Estes Kefauver would suit the Harriman strategists just fine. There has been so much buzzing about this in Democratic Party circles that Oregon's Democratic State Chairman Howard Morgan ex-

ploded: "Harriman and Tammany money will be routed circuitously to Kefauver to finance bitter primary fights with Stevenson in the hope of hurting both. Harriman will remain aloof from these contests, and the Eastern bosses will try to sweep up the pieces and hand them to Harriman at the convention."

Both Averell Harriman and Carmine De Sapiro issued outraged denials, but the fact is that Oregon's Morgan understood their strategy even if he was wrong about the money. While waiting for the swept-up pieces, Averell Harriman will be standing by—but not idly. He has already made one foray into the Middle West, for a speech last month in Des Moines. (Harriman gave this critique of his Des Moines performance: "What they think about out there is ham and corn, and I was both hammy and corny.") Next fortnight

very deep. When the New York governor began to loom as a presidential prospect, Louisiana's Democratic Senator Allen J. Ellender cried: "Talk about giveaways; Harriman would go Eisenhower, Truman and Roosevelt one better. He would give away the Indian chief on top of the Capitol dome."

Harriman will have some nuisance trouble in his own New York delegation. His move into the center of the picture has brought real anguish to many a New York Democrat who is emotionally committed to Stevenson. For most, it would hardly be wise to speak out against their own governor, who will be in the Statehouse for two more years if he is not in the White House. Harriman and De Sapiro will be able to control nearly all of New York's 90-vote delegation to the Democratic National Convention, but

many of the rewards men work for. But, as Averell Harriman's career shows, his father did not give him everything.

The Little Giant. E. H. (for Edward Henry) Harriman, the son of an impetuous Episcopal clergyman, went to work at 14 as a \$5-a-week pad-shover (messenger-clerk) in Wall Street. A brilliant lad with a phenomenal memory, he studied the market, watched the rich and great of the Street in their buying. Soon he began to buy and win. At 18 he was a junior partner in an uncle's firm; in 1870, when he was 22, he had his own firm and a seat on the Exchange. Eventually, he became the "Little Giant" of Wall Street, one of the most successful and powerful financiers in U.S. history.

E. H. Harriman's fateful association with railroading began in 1879, when he married Mary Averell, daughter of the president of the Ogdensburg & Lake Champlain Railroad. The bride's father provided a special train with the name "E. H. Harriman" painted on the locomotive. E. H. became a director of the road the next year. By the time he died, in 1909, he was the dominant figure in 75,000 miles of railroads worth \$5 billion; he controlled Wells-Fargo Express Co.; he was president of 16 corporations and a guiding genius of 27 others.

While he had great financial success, E. H. Harriman was not received into the highest social and political circles of his time. Theodore Roosevelt included Harriman among his "malefactors of great wealth." Such criticism hurt E. H. Harriman. He wanted to be accepted. In Vienna he once plaintively deplored the fact that he had not been received by Emperor Franz Joseph. Said he: "I am in a position to realize the magnitude of this monarch's task . . . I feel sorry that arrangements have not been made to allow my being presented to the Emperor, whom I dare hope might have been interested to meet a man who had had some experience in controlling men and affairs, though of course in quite another sphere."

When E. H. Harriman died, he left a will of just 99 words, bequeathing his entire fortune to his wife. From Financial Genius Harriman, who was never accused of sentimentality, this was the highest form of compliment. It was deserved. Taking over the fortune at 58, to become the world's richest woman, Mrs. Harriman entered a special line in her biography in *Who's Who in America*: "Sole heir upon death of husband to estate appraised at about \$100,000,000, of which is mgr."

She managed well. One monument to her imagination is the 2,257-ft.-long Bear Mountain Bridge, across the Hudson River 35 miles above Manhattan. She saw the need of a bridge there, and her younger son, E. Roland Harriman, now a Manhattan financier (and still a Republican), built the bridge (now state-owned) as a private venture. By the time mother Harriman died, in 1932, she was able to leave her two sons and three daughters a multimillion-dollar heritage.



HARRIMAN ON BINGHAMTON ROCK PILE
Still struggling toward the peak.

John Burns

he will fly to the Northwest for appearances in Seattle, Eugene and Portland, Ore., and Lewiston, Idaho. Early in December he will speak at the national convention of Young Democrats in Oklahoma City.

New Dealer from Wall Street. Although Averell Harriman is a devoted and doctrinaire New Dealer, his forces believe he can pull strong conservative support in the West as well as in the East. They count, for example, on some spotty strength along the Harrimans' Union Pacific Railroad. They think Harriman has a two-way appeal. Says a partisan: "Because of his liberal record, he stands well with labor; because he's a businessman, the really big businessmen know that he's no crackpot."

Sounds coming from Democrats in the South, however, do not indicate that conservative sentiment for Harriman will run

they face the possibility of a Stevenson minority clustered around U.S. Senator Herbert Lehman. Although Lehman has announced for Stevenson, De Sapiro will have to let the senior U.S. Senator go to the convention. Said De Sapiro last week with great gentleness: "Senator Lehman is entitled to every consideration—every consideration."

While De Sapiro is making the proper maneuvers in public—keeping Harriman alive as candidate, but not pushing him too far out—Averell Harriman will be working intensely toward the goal in his own way. At whatever game he is playing—polo, croquet, skiing, bridge, railroading, diplomacy, politics—he has a consuming urge to keep working, driving, doing. One reason for that urge may well be the fact that, if he had been inclined to loaf, he would not have had to turn a hand throughout his life. His father gave him

A Prince's Life. Averell Harriman grew up to the pattern of his inheritance. He spent his summers at Arden, near Bear Mountain, where his father built a 100-room French Renaissance-style house on a 20,000-acre estate with a private railroad. The villages of Harriman and Arden were established near by just to supply the Harrimans. Below the main house were imposing stables, a polo field, a track for exercising trotting horses.

At Arden, Averell learned to shoot, swim, row, ride and race trotters (he later switched to polo because of a strange allergy to horses, which affected him when he rode behind them, but not when he rode on them). In winter the family retired to a big town house on 55th Street in Manhattan, where Averell fashionably attended Craigie School and Miss Dodson's dancing class, and became a cadet in the Knickerbocker Greys. He saw the world as a prince might see it, from his father's private railroad car, from the family's yacht and from chartered ships.

At Groton, Averell did not distinguish himself; he was a fairly good scholar, pleasant, modest, quiet, well-mannered, but he won no prizes. At Yale he was again just average as a student. It was at Yale that Averell Harriman's record first showed the intensity of concentration that has never left him. He became a bridge addict. After a bridge session, Averell would return to his room and sit for hours doing post-mortems. He learned to memorize the hands and plays, and then would reconstruct them. His daughter Kathleen (Mrs. Stanley G. Mortimer Jr.), recalling his stories of this exercise in memory training, has said: "It's one of the best things he got out of Yale."

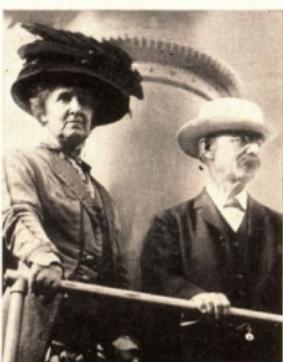
Harriman was also noted at Yale for his expertness as an oarsman. When he was a boy back at Arden, his father had hired the great Syracuse University crew coach, Jim Ten Eyck, to spend a month on the Harrimans' private lake teaching Averell and Roland to row. Averell was so good that, when Yale decided to use amateur coaches, he was assigned to coach the freshman crew. He wrangled leave from classes, went to England to learn the long Oxford stroke, came home and introduced it successfully at Yale. When he became varsity coach, he appointed as the new freshman coach another keen oar named Dean Acheson. Bob Cook, Yale's grand old man of rowing, once called Averell "easily the most promising crew coach in America."

In his senior year at Yale, Averell was elected a director of the Union Pacific Railroad, started the austere board by showing up for a meeting with a psychology textbook under his arm. After he graduated from Yale (B.A., '13), he went to work for the Union Pacific in the offices and yards. Within two years he high-balled past his fellow trackmen to become a vice president.

Entrepreneur at Large. Harriman soon felt the need to achieve goals that his father had not set up for him. He decided to do in steamships what his father had

done in railroads. For a decade he was involved in shipping, investing his own money and his mother's, but there is a screen around the final financial result. Then he aimed at becoming the Harriman of aviation. He was chairman of the Aviation Corp., a holding company, which was the forerunner of American Airlines and many other enterprises. The eventual outcome of that venture, in dollars and cents, is also obscure. In neither shipping nor aviation did he come within hailing distance of his father's phenomenal success in railroading.

During those shipping and flying years, Harriman compiled a considerable record as a polo player (he played with Tommy Hitchcock, was an eight-goal man) and as a man about Manhattan, Long Island, the Hudson Valley and Europe. In 1915 he had married Kitty Lanier Lawrence, and they had two daughters. She divorced him in Paris in September 1929, on grounds of abandonment, never remarried, died in



Mr. & Mrs. E. H. HARRIMAN
Ninety-nine words made her a mgr.

1936. Less than a year after the divorce, Harriman married Mrs. Marie Norton Whitney, who had just divorced Cornelius Vanderbilt ("Sonny") Whitney. The Harrimans observed their 25th wedding anniversary last February.

In 1932 Averell Harriman returned to his father's business; he became chairman of the board of the Union Pacific Railroad, and served in that post until 1946 (without a word being raised about conflicts of interest between the job and his position in the Roosevelt and Truman Administrations).

A New Road. The road that led Averell Harriman into politics began in 1928. A birthright Republican, he switched to the Democratic side that year because he liked Alfred E. Smith and disliked G.O.P. tariff policies. Four years later, he was for an old friend of the family, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, and in 1933 he became New York chairman of the President's Re-Employment Campaign Committee, a unit of NRA. For Averell Harriman, that

was the beginning of a Federal Government career that led him to one of the longest and most varied records any man has ever achieved in the administrative branch of the U.S. Government.⁶

Partners at Croquet. Early in the New Deal, Harriman's political tutelage was taken over by a real genius, the gaunt son of an Iowa harnessmaker, Harry Hopkins. Hopkins and Harriman used to play croquet (Harriman had dismounted from polo by that time) at Herbert Bayard Swope's estate on Long Island. It was the beginning of a great friendship. Wrote crotchety old Harold Ickes: "Mr. Harriman was one of the famous group of patron-protégés of the late Harry Hopkins. Probably he was the chief of these. He was always willing to scratch Harry Hopkins' back just as Hopkins was willing to scratch his . . . He started Harriman on his public career, and kept promoting him until the very end."

Harry Hopkins and Averell Harriman needed each other. While Hopkins could usher Harriman into Government importance, Harriman could introduce Hopkins into a life of croquet, champagne and social elegance. Through Hopkins, Harriman became one of the New Deal's "tame millionaires"—so tame, in fact, that some of his Wall Street friends could hardly believe it.

When Harriman finally reached a close relationship with Franklin Roosevelt, he brought a quality to the friendship that even Harry Hopkins did not have. George Backer, millionaire realtor and ex-publisher who is now one of Averell Harriman's closest political advisers, says of the Harriman-Roosevelt relationship: "They were both squires. A squire is a man with good property and unearned income, who doesn't have to work, who has been financially independent for generations. All of this Roosevelt liked. He didn't like industrialists who worked for their money. Besides, Harriman went to Groton. And nobody could be too bad if he went to Groton."

When Harriman began to take important diplomatic assignments, this affinity between the two men soon showed itself. At times, both the British Foreign Office and the U.S. State Department were circumvented when Harriman acted as direct liaison between Winston Churchill and Franklin Roosevelt.

A Clear Eye. No man participated in as many of the key international conferences of World War II as did Averell

⁶ Harriman's remarkable series of Government posts centered around these major assignments: 1934-35, a division assistant to the administrator, and then chief administrative officer of NRA; 1939-41, an executive in the Office of Production Management; 1941, special missions to London and then to Moscow for President Roosevelt; 1941-42, lend-lease expediter in London with rank of minister; 1943-46, Ambassador to Russia; 1946, Ambassador to the Court of St. James's; 1946-48, Secretary of Commerce; 1945-50, roving ECA ambassador in Europe; 1950-51, Special Assistant to the President; 1951-53, Director of Mutual Security.



IN THE SULKY

Also memorized bridge hands . . .

Harriman.⁴ In recent months some of Harriman's political foes have sought to tar him with being duped by the Communists in those years. The record clearly shows that he was not.

Eloquent testimony on that point appears in the diaries of the late James Forrestal, then U.S. Secretary of the Navy, who wrote on April 18, 1945: "I saw Averell Harriman last night. He stated his strong apprehension as to the future of our relations with Russia unless our entire attitude toward them became characterized by much greater firmness. He said the outward thrust of Communism was not dead, that we might well have to face an ideological warfare just as vigorous and dangerous as Fascism or Nazism."

Nor was Harriman fooled about the situation in China. Wrote Forrestal: "He said he thought it was important that we determine our policy as to a strong or weak China, that if China continued weak, Russian influence would move in quickly and toward ultimate domination. He said that there could be no illusion about anything such as a 'free China' once the Russians got in, that the two or three hundred millions in that country would march when the Kremlin ordered."

* In 1941 Harriman was at the Atlantic Charter meeting with Churchill and Roosevelt, and at their later conference in Washington; in 1942 he was with Churchill and Roosevelt in Washington, with Churchill and Stalin in Moscow; in 1943 he was with Roosevelt and Churchill at Casablanca, in Washington, and in Quebec; with Cordell Hull, Anthony Eden and Vyacheslav Molotov in Moscow; with Roosevelt, Churchill and Chiang in Cairo, and with Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin at Teheran; in 1944 he was with Stalin, Churchill and Eden in Moscow; in 1945 with Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin at Yalta, Harry Hopkins and Stalin in Moscow, Harry Truman, Churchill, Clement Attlee and Stalin at Potsdam. He missed only one of the big World War II conferences: the second Quebec Conference between Roosevelt and Churchill in September 1944.

The Greater Honor. Despite his high role as a national and international policy-maker, Averell Harriman wanted a greater kind of honor: he wanted to be elected to office by the people.

He made his first try in 1952, seeking the Democratic nomination for the presidency. It was not a happy effort. In the role of platform campaigner, the essentially shy Harriman stammered, mumbled, stumbled and froze his audiences into nervous, bored, agonized silence. As usual, he had been driving himself to fatigue, and his deepest eyes and solemn, gaunt face gave him the appearance of an aging pointer after a particularly tiring hunt. Harriman's efforts got him only 123½ votes at the convention in Chicago.

Candidate Harriman's 1952 showing was one reason so many politicians and observers yawned when he announced last



AT SUN VALLEY

. . . the long Oxford stroke . . .

year that he would seek the Democratic nomination for governor of New York. Then there suddenly appeared at Averell Harriman's side the dark-spectacled visage of the grand sachem of Tammany Hall. With Carmine De Sario's force behind him, Harriman ran over Franklin Delano Roosevelt Jr. and stood facing U.S. Senator Irving Ives for the governorship of the Empire State. Since election night 1954, in New York, there have been long and painful post-mortems about how Averell Harriman managed to skin past Irving Ives by 12,000 votes. Whatever the reasons, Harriman and De Sario took control of the state government of New York for the Democratic Party after twelve years of Republican rule. On election night Harriman made a mistake he has since bitterly regretted. Over TV he

said: "I am for Adlai Stevenson in 1956."

Eyes West. Governor Harriman had barely taken the oath before he began to change his mind. At his first press conference in Albany, he got into the national political picture with a blast at the Eisenhower Administration's economic policies.

Harriman apparently caught himself in the trap of his own propaganda. Because he did not expect the economy to flourish, he seriously underestimated the state's revenue for the year, angrily pushed aside Republican protests and increased state income taxes 11%. Now that the year is drawing to a close with the U.S. economy at an all-time peak, Harriman's finance aides admit that state income will run \$50 million to \$60 million above their estimates. Republicans promptly charged that he had saddled the taxpayers with an unnecessary increase.

When he moved into Albany, the new governor faced a serious political problem. Even Harriman partisans would admit, privately, that Republican Thomas E. Dewey had given New York a good administration for twelve years, and that about all the progressive legislation that could be asked for had been enacted under Harriman's predecessors—Smith, Roosevelt, Lehman and Dewey. There was no genuine way for Harriman to make a big move toward a new era. So he decided to make a big noise. He cried that Dewey, by tricks of bookkeeping, had covered up the fact that he was leaving the state in dire fiscal straits. Harriman says: "I'm trying to put a little atomic bomb under the myth that Dewey was a good administrator."

The Hairsplitter. Harriman went to Albany with a reputation as a hard-driving but somewhat spastic administrator. He is likely to start calling aides as early as 7 a.m. (expecting them to be fully informed at that time on what is in the morning papers). He will assign a task to one aide, and a few hours later



ON THE POLO FIELD (LEFT)

. . . and the life of a squire.

will ask another, who knows nothing about the project, how it is going. In Washington, this sort of operation, and a preoccupied manner, had earned him a nickname: "Misty Bill." It is misleading. Harriman is not vague. Rather, he tends to concentrate on details. He tries to describe with elaborate precision any situation he has studied; often his hearers cannot follow his fine distinctions. This led to another and better name: "Honest Ave, the Hairsplitter."

Although the Harrimans have five houses of their own (in Manhattan; at Sands Point, N.Y.; Hobe Sound, Fla.; Sun Valley, Idaho, and one of the small houses at Arden), they are now spending most of their time in the ornate old governor's mansion in Albany. They seem to enjoy it. Harriman usually goes home for lunch, frequently has a glass of upstate New York sherry as a starter. For a recognized connoisseur of fine French wines, this bow to state pride may be a considerable trait, but Politician Harriman takes it without a grimace. "It's really quite good," he says.

On the walls of the governor's mansion, Marie Harriman has hung a fine collection of American art. Once (1930-42) the proprietress of a famed commercial gallery, she has in their Manhattan town house a magnificent collection of fine paintings—Seurat, Gauguin, Renoir, Picasso, Van Gogh, Cézanne. A gracious and gregarious woman, she has become a popular hostess in Albany.

"Cherish It for Me." Getting elected and serving as governor has been a strong tonic for Averell Harriman. He is thriving on the job. Since the campaign of 1954, he has gained 15 lbs. (he quit smoking), his face has filled out, he looks and sounds stronger than he has for years. He will be 64 next week—a factor that will not help him in the presidential sweepstakes—but he has been taking every opportunity to show his vigor, e.g., if there is a rock pile handy when he is making a street-corner appearance, he will charge briskly to its top. In the 1954 campaign a photographer had to ask him to "show a little more affection toward the baby." By now, Harriman can romp with a roomful of tots and look as if he enjoys it.

Harriman has learned to say the politically right words. Arriving home from a trip to Europe last fall, he expressed his gratitude to the "fine Irish pilot" who had safely landed the plane in which he was riding after a tire blew up, complimented the burgeoning economy of Israel, and told of the inspiration he had gained from an audience with the Pope. In Elmira last month, when an Elmira College coed gave him a cloth donkey on which she had embroidered the college "E," he told her, "I'll cherish it always." Later, after getting into his car, he tossed it to his bodyguard, Ed Galvin, and cracked: "Here, Ed, will you cherish it for me?"

As a diplomat, Averell Harriman came over as a generous and kindly man, but

in his new role as a politician, other characteristics have come to the fore. He can be sharp and hard, and at times genuine strains of bitterness pour out against his political foes. One day last summer he told a Washington newspaperman with more venom than humor, that he hoped "this damned heat is drying up that Gettysburg farm and blowing it away." Talking recently to Democratic wheelhorses from Auburn, the home of New York's crusty old (75) Republican Representative John Taber, Harriman growled: "He's the most constipated, cantankerous, narrow-minded s.o.b. I ever saw. He's a Yale man—yes, he really is, and I went to Yale, too, and I tell you that when I look at Taber and some of the other graduates of Yale, I'm almost tempted not to contribute my support to the place."

This harsh tone, in the eyes of Harriman partisans, is **one of** their man's as-



STRATEGIST DE SAPIÓ
Retrieving an election-night slip.

sets as a presidential prospect for 1956. They believe that Adlai E. Stevenson strikes too soft a note against his political foes, and that next year's campaign will call for hard blows. Harriman's tone as a politician is also merely another evidence of the intensity with which he has always played any game he is in.

Even if he fails to get to the mountain-top in 1956, William Averell Harriman has struggled his way to success of a kind that his father never knew. E. H. Harriman, the "Little Giant," was an "undesirable citizen" to his President, and he could not get in to see the Emperor of Austria. His son is on first-name terms with Winston Churchill, one of the greatest statesmen of the age; he was at Franklin Delano Roosevelt's right hand during great moments of history; he knew Dictator Stalin better than any other American; he has beaten Dwight Eisenhower

at bridge. And the people of the great state of New York have elected him their governor. What more could E. H. Harriman's son want—except the presidency of the U.S.?

PRISONS

The Diggers

Ten convicts who tunneled out of Washington's Walla Walla State Penitentiary last week wanted more than mere freedom; by painstaking organization they had prepared to enter society as flawlessly documented citizens.

By this week nine of them were caught, each carrying a tidy briefcase containing credentials produced in the prison print shop. There were papers identifying the men as full-fledged officials of the Washington state prison system and well-written letters of reference, one ostensibly signed by State Institutions Director Dr. Thomas Harris. There were draft cards, business cards, drivers' licenses, birth certificates, and credit cards from stores throughout Washington. Four had neatly printed state paychecks totaling \$10,000.

Last week's example of devilish ingenuity was nothing new at Walla Walla, sections of which boast no plumbing, densely crowded conditions, sullen inmates, and cowed, underpaid guards who seldom stay long. Excerpts from Walla Walla's record:

¶ 1926: 900 convicts broke out to the main gate before being beaten back.

¶ 1934: nine convicts and a guard died in "The Lincoln Day Break."

¶ 1952: a 100-ft. tunnel was discovered shortly after prisoners were given a dinner by the warden for digging no tunnels during the previous year.

¶ 1953: a convict-made bomb killed Prison Manager Albert Gruber. A two-day riot and \$500,000 fire killed one prisoner, destroyed five buildings. One-quarter of the prisoners (400 men) held a "sleep strike" after using barbiturates to go on a mass bender.

¶ 1955: four tough prisoners seized eight guards and officials as hostages, took control of the whole prison for 26 hours, were promised the "reforms" they asked before giving up (TIME, July 18).

An ominous quiet prevailed at Walla Walla this autumn as officials longed for the day when new facilities would be built to contain men like the July rioters. When state legislators finally approved funds for desperately needed construction, it seemed the situation might finally be brought under control. But last week Warden Lawrence Delmore received crushing news from the State Supreme Court: the legislature's prison appropriation was unconstitutional.

Commenting on the latest break, Delmore said: "Hell, it's a matter of record we've got 1,400 men in here, with 600 of them—mostly the young ones, beginning their terms—idle every day. Every so often a group starts digging for the walls for lack of anything better to do."

JUDGMENTS & PROPHECIES

PRINCESS MARGARET'S DECISION: RIGHT OR WRONG?

THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN:

HER decision, which has plainly been come to after subtle pressure, will be regarded by great masses of people as unnecessary and perhaps a great waste. In the long run it will not redound to the credit or influence of those who have been most persistent in denying the Princess the same liberty that is enjoyed by the rest of her fellow-citizens. Even the least cynical among us find it hard to see why an innocent party to a divorce [*i.e.*, Sir Anthony Eden] can become the man who appoints archbishops and bishops, while the Princess, who merely exercises her social graces and has a very remote chance of succeeding to the throne, should be denied by ecclesiastical prescription the right to marry an innocent party to a divorce. That odd piece of inconsistency may be typically English, but it has more than a smack of English hypocrisy about it.

Britain's left-wing NEW STATESMAN AND NATION:

SUBMERGED under the "human interest" of the Princess Margaret story, commentators have been slow to scrutinize her statement of renunciation. It raises sharp constitutional issues. The Princess declared that she has been "aware that, subject to my renouncing my rights of succession, it might have been possible for me to contract a civil marriage." This seems to imply that a civil marriage could have been possible only if the succession were renounced. But who has made her "aware" of any such thing? Is it even true? The right of succession is peculiarly a matter for Parliament. She has been made "aware" of a probably untrue and certainly highly controversial doctrine.

Who told her that her duty as a Princess demanded that she should uphold the Archbishop of Canterbury's view? She consulted him; he has made no secret of his dogma. But surely no one except our Parliament and the Governments of other Commonwealth countries has any right to make any statement involving such a choice. The question of succession is not a matter for the royal prerogative (or for the Archbishop) but for the British and the other Commonwealth Premiers.

If Sir Anthony [Eden] had been consulted (as he should have been the moment the question of succession arose) he would have been bound to give Princess Margaret the opposite advice. The Premier's own marriage, according to the Archbishop's doctrine, is not a true marriage. No wonder that the upshot of the whole affair in Parliament and the country is a demand for Disestablishment.

The Vatican Daily, OSSERVATORE ROMANO:

THE echoes and rumblings of the passing storm continue after the noble message of Princess Margaret. She was subjected to reportorial treatment usually given those movie stars who seek publicity in anything—even of the most dubious nature. The storm swept away a large part of the press, along with weakly resisting public opinion, into a bankruptcy without parallel in recent years.

If there were an administrator to look into this disastrous bankruptcy, it would be easy for him to denounce those who are responsible: the liberal secularists and the materialistic extremists, their schools and their journalism. The former because in their pretension of giving order to the world without including its Creator, they have set up love in the place of law. The about-face of the materialistic extremists would have been stupendous if a "comrade" faithful to Communist principles had sent a message to say he was calling off his wedding because the person he was marrying wanted a church ceremony.

THE NEW YORK DAILY NEWS:

FROM the romantic point of view, the episode is a sad disappointment. We cannot help reflecting, though, that in this case a member of the British royal family has shown a strength of character eminently befitting that family's highest traditions. They can't take that away from her.

THE DENVER POST:

ENGLISHMEN used to spend their energy and blood protecting the "rights" of the people from the tyranny of the crown. They succeeded so well that the only tyranny remaining in that enlightened country is the tyranny of tradition over the lives of the members of the royal family.

The latest victim is Princess Margaret. In such a well-ordered country as England it seems strange that it is proper enough to have a Prime Minister who is a divorced and remarried man but not a princess with a divorced man as a consort; it seems strange that the rules of the state church would be so much at loggerheads with the civil laws of the same state. But that is the way England is.

Heathen peoples used to have idols. More civilized peoples have symbols. Margaret can blame her unhappiness on the fact that by an accident of birth she is part of British symbolism. Symbols are of use only so long as they stand for what they are supposed to symbolize. In

Britain the royal family is required to personify many things—the essence of the state and the commonwealth, the majesty of the law, qualities that are British, British tradition and British ideas of morality. The requirements of symbolism are exacting—more exacting than Princess Margaret ever realized before. Now she knows.

THE MINNEAPOLIS STAR:

PRINCESS MARGARET's decision not to marry Group Captain Peter Townsend will come as a disappointment to those who are "in love with love" and will be a reassurance to those who value tradition, stability and the indissoluble sanctity of marriage.

Hearst Columnist GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY:

I DARE not say that a woman should not marry the man she loves, but it is refreshing as Springtime to witness a response to a call to duty. Margaret of England will be beloved by her people not because she gave up the man of her choice, but because she sacrificed personal happiness to maintain a way of life which her family is duty-bound to defend. In this era in which marriage is being reduced to a matter of registration and the word romance is becoming, in common parlance, equivalent to harlotry, the clean courtship, the honorable decision, the unwillingness to yield principle to personal satisfaction stand out in pristine beauty, and all who were engaged in what could have been an ugly pursuit of passion will be glorified among their own people as restoring the virtuous qualities of duty and respect.

New York Post Columnist MAX LERNER:

WHAT kind of conception of duty is it which demands that one should give up love and life, in the interest of some abstraction like the Monarchy or the Empire or the Church, all of which in the end draw their sustenance from love and life? The churchmen, high and low, have commended Margaret on putting duty above love. I can understand their sense of triumph. But their congratulations will be cold cheer in the dreary years that stretch ahead.

I prefer the view that all minor duties must be matched against the overreaching duty to the genuineness with which we live our lives, and to our deepest emotions. I think the reason why I feel so disappointed about Margaret's decision is that it seems a betrayal of the very sources of life, because of a musty conception of what is owed to ancient forms that have outlived their usefulness.

FOREIGN NEWS

MIDDLE EAST

The Battle of El Auja

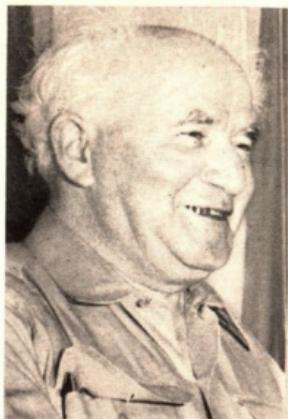
The sound of clash and the rumor of war rumbled through the Middle East. Would the Israelis—1,500,000 people ringed around by 40 million Arab enemies—attack before the Egyptians could use the shiploads of arms the Communists had sold them? Last week the Israelis struck the bloodiest blow since the 1949 armistice. But what at first looked like the beginning of the worst turned out at week's end to be not a preventive war but one quick, calculated ounce of prevention.

For weeks guns have been going off around El Auja, the sun-blasted crossroads on the rocky southern route which may have been Joseph, Mary and the Christ child's on their flight into Egypt. Since 1949 the 100-sq.-mi. demilitarized zone created under the U.N. armistice has bulged like a blister into Israel's Negev desert holdings. In recent weeks Canadian Major General Edson L.M. Burns, the U.N. truce supervisor, has repeatedly warned the Egyptians to stop putting up "check points" inside the zone. The Israelis chose this area to attack.

Under Cover of Oratory. From the top down, the Israelis took special trouble to achieve maximum surprise. That morning David Ben-Gurion, the aging (68) lion of Judah who led the nation to victory in the 1948 war, went before the Knesset in Jerusalem as Israel's Premier-designate. Returning to office with a makeshift majority including both left-wing freethinkers and hardshod Sabatarians, Ben-Gurion looked rumped and tired. He made his speech sitting down, paused frequently, and once asked the indulgence of the house while he rested. "I am prepared," he said, "to meet with the Prime Minister of Egypt and with every other Arab ruler as soon as possible in order to achieve a mutual settlement without any prior conditions."

Just twelve hours later some 1,000 Israeli troops, their faces blackened against the bright moonlight, bunched south by truck past the El Auja crossroads. Their target was an Egyptian outpost that was set on the lower slopes of an Egyptian hill but inside the demilitarized Israeli territory. A network of trenches, gun emplacements and barbed-wire barricades linked the forward post with stronger Egyptian positions around the hilltop.

A jackal howled as the Israeli troops fanned out to feint at the Egyptian flanks. As a flare burst over the 1,400-ft. hilltop, the Jewish infantry crawled past boulders to the attack. It was a hand-to-hand bayonet fight. The Egyptians resisted fiercely, and the hilltop did not fall until past midnight. By that time an Egyptian battalion spearheaded by eight tanks rolled up from the rear to counterattack. The Israelis said they knocked out two tanks before withdrawing downhill and into their own territory. They listed five dead,



Associated Press
ISRAEL'S BEN-GURION
He rose to the occasion.

18 wounded. They claimed 50 Egyptians killed, 49 taken prisoner.

Double Victory. The Egyptian army's story was altogether different. It claimed a big Egyptian victory. Radio Cairo broadcast that counterattacking Egyptian forces "stormed the Israeli El Sabha position and marched on till both tanks and infantry occupied the position. Our air force had complete command over the battlefield." They claimed to have killed 200 Israelis in a fierce fight that lasted 17 hours. When U.S. correspondents visited the scene next day, they saw ample evidence of hard and sanguinary fighting, but were told that the beaten Israelis

had managed to drag off all their dead. Jewish soldiers have special hooks on their belts for just this purpose, one Egyptian officer explained. Correspondents were not convinced. By the end of the fighting, however, it seemed clear that the Egyptians had regained their hilltop and the Israelis had dislodged the Egyptians from the demilitarized zone a mile away.

In Cairo, Nasser denounced as "hypocrisy" Ben-Gurion's prebattle proposal for peace talks. Two other Arab powers, Syria and Iraq, announced that they would come to Egypt's aid in event of aggression.

Israeli government spokesmen made no bones about having struck far inside Egypt to drive the Egyptians from their territory. Up and down the republic, people talked war. In Beersheba, where Abraham marked the ancient Jewish-Arab estrangement 5,000 years ago by turning his handmaiden's son Ishmael out of his tents, the whole town cheered when the raiding battalion returned. Individual small gifts for a government arms-buying fund topped \$1,000,000. A Jerusalem pediatrician said: "I know how parents with children feel about war, but for the sake of these children I do not feel we can go on living as we are living now—in perpetual uncertainty. If we don't fight now, we may perish." When white-maned old Ben-Gurion rose—and this time he did rise—to wind up the two-day debate on his new government, his voice rasped with his old confident harshness as he said: "If the storm should break, we will stand as a nation united despite our differences."

Double Condemnation. U.S. Assistant Secretary of State George Allen called in both the Israeli and Egyptian ambassadors and handed them identical notes accusing both sides of violating their armistice agreements. Last week, with the help of General Burns, U.N. Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjold worked out a plan for marking the Israeli-Egypt border as soon as possible. The Israelis quickly agreed, but the Egyptians held out unless all sides of the El Auja zone should be so marked and unless Israeli police as well as soldiers were barred henceforth from the zone. So far, leaders of both nations were privately assuring everyone that they wanted peace, and Truce Supervisor Burns thought there was a "fair chance" of stopping the fighting. But so long as both parties thought they could safely indulge in controlled retaliations, there was always the possibility that the situation itself would spin out of control.

"My Own Idea"

Egypt's Strongman Gamal Abdel Nasser last week defended his purchase of arms from the Communists, denied that he intends to start a war with Israel, and behaved like a man convinced that his speech is long enough to sup with the devil.

"I know they are saying that [Soviet Ambassador Daniil] Solod is the world's greatest salesman," Nasser told *TIME-LIFE*



Correspondent Keith Wheeler, in a midnight interview at his house, "but that is not quite the way it was. It was my own idea. I had hesitated for two months, but at last in June, I called for Solod and I said: 'Sell us arms.' Really, I was surprised when he accepted.

"Today, after we have made the arms deal, people are talking that Israel may start a preventive war. But I have been expecting them to start a war ever since they attacked Gaza on Feb. 28. Otherwise, I would not have bought arms and would have saved the money instead.

"These weapons are to defend Egypt. They are not to attack Israel. I cannot say how many weapons we need or will take. In war you cannot draw a hard line between defense and offense. As a military man, all I can tell you about that is it depends on what the other fellow has."

"Nobody Knows." But was he not opening the way to the Russians with his arms purchases? "There are not now any Russian or Czech technicians in Egypt," replied Nasser. "A long time before this, we sent some of our best men to Czechoslovakia for training. Some have already finished their training and are back here now, instructing other officers and men. We will do our own maintenance and training. Really, I will tell you: my men have been able to assemble some airplanes using only the handbooks for instruction."

That was the closest Nasser came to admitting that MiGs had already been delivered. He declined to talk about the tanks, heavy guns, bombers and submarines the Communists were reported sending him. "Everybody wants to know what was in the 133 boxes unloaded at Alexandria," he said, taking obvious satisfaction in the amount of attention the world has given him, "but nobody knows and nobody is going to know. For the first time in history, our army has secrets."

The Nature of Gratitude. Nasser insisted that the deal did not mean that Egypt had chosen to join the Reds against the West. "When you did not help us win our freedom," he said, "when you took the side of your allies Britain and France, we felt betrayed and disappointed in you. . . . Now naturally, the people are going to feel sympathy and gratitude toward the Russians. But gratitude is not the same thing as Communist principles. Indeed, the greatest thing the arms deal has done is to give our people a feeling of pride in themselves and pride in their country."

Yet, had not the arms shipment brought the Russians past Western defenses and lodged them inside Egypt's gates? "No, I think not," said Nasser. "I have always said that the defense of the Middle East must depend primarily upon the people of the Middle East. It must be inspired from within. But if there were a major war, we would still cooperate with those whose interests were like our interests. I can only answer your question with a question. Do you believe that it would be the West that would invade the Middle East, or the West that would make aggression against us?"

Warm-Water Friendship

Fifteen years ago, when the Nazis and the Communists were such fine false friends, Stalin and Hitler agreed on the direction in which Russia really should expand: down towards the Persian Gulf. It is looking southward, the Russian was echoing an ambition as old as Peter the Great's push for a warm-water port.

Last week, their expansion in Europe contained, the Russians were elbowing their way into the Middle East with a great display of interest. Commanding this new Soviet push are not Red Army marshals but propagandists and "trade commissars with order books, credit vouchers and a glib line.

The Soviet sale of arms to Egypt's military junta is only the most spectacular

try must have or starve (Nasser has already signed up an English engineering firm to design the dam, but so far has been unable to get money out of the World Bank to build it).

Soviet willingness to buy Egypt's cotton at uneconomic prices gives its salesmen a vital edge. Thus a French firm that was a low bidder on a contract for diesel engines lost out when Hungary promised to accept payment for the job in cotton. All told, cotton shipments account for 90% of Egypt's total exports. This year the Soviet bloc will take well over half of them.

Welcome Contrasts. The Russian economic penetration of the Middle East has the U.S. State Department worried, and with reason. But some of the journalistic hand-wringing going on last week was, in effect, handing the Russians a greater victory than they have yet won. A single U.S. construction firm, Morrison-Knudsen, has put up more projects in southern Afghanistan than all the flashy grain elevators and oil tanks put up by the Russians in Kabul. The Russians have a talent for getting more propaganda value out of their shadows than the U.S. does out of its substance.

Some nations have already found out that though the Reds make big trading offers, they are not always able to deliver the goods. The London *Economist* is convinced that "Russian competition in economic aid may even in time provide some contrasts that will work out to Western advantage."

Russia, for example, has sent India four experimental tractors and one small electric computer. It has lent India nine Soviet economists, and promises to build a 1,000,000-ton steel plant in central India at a low rate of interest and with the help of Russian engineers. But if every Russian dust-dusting loan to some Middle East nation is to be considered a setback for the West, then presumably the Russians would have been crushed years ago by the weight of U.S. aid. In the past three years, the U.S. has spent in India alone:

- ¶ \$190 million on a wheat loan.
- ¶ \$161 million in silver, lent to support India's currency.
- ¶ \$220 million gift and \$45 million loan for economic development and technical assistance.
- ¶ \$24 million gift for food.
- ¶ \$50 million gift of surplus war equipment and property.
- ¶ \$73 million in loans, grants and goods for miscellaneous purposes.

So far there is no indication that Soviet Russia, with economic problems of its own, is prepared to spend that kind of money: it hopes to make big progress on the cheap.

Aid to develop underdeveloped nations is one field where the U.S. got there first and with the mostest. Example: An increasing number of Indian students have been invited to visit Russia, but none has stayed to study. Fifteen thousand Indian students are now studying in the U.S.



EGYPT'S NASSER
A question of secrets.

of the Kremlin's penetrations. Syria, Saudi Arabia, Lebanon and Afghanistan are considering similar offers. Last week Soviet commissars signed a treaty of friendship with Yemen and promised to support Libya for a seat in the U.N. The Hungarians are shipping freight cars to Egypt. Poland is wooing Ceylon. East Germany is at work on Lebanon, Czechoslovakia, the most advanced industrial nation in the Soviet orbit, spearheads the trade offensive. The Czechs are providing spare parts for guns to Afghanistan, trucks to Jordan, tractors to Sudan.

Danger in Egypt. The key to the Middle East is restless, revolutionary Egypt, and it is there that the Reds have worked hardest. Hungary is shipping the Egyptians between 50 and 90 locomotives and freight cars to go with them; Russian tankers have delivered the first of some 500,000 tons of Rumanian and Russian oil. The Kremlin has even offered to help build the giant new Aswan dam, which Premier Abdel Nasser believes his coun-

GREAT BRITAIN

Humility at the Hip

Americans have learned to accept, if not quite to understand, the strange delirium that takes place when a frail-looking crooner confronts a crowd of bobby-soxers. But to an English critic, the phenomenon still takes getting used to. Drama Critic J. B. Boothroyd covered the performance of U.S. Crooner Johnnie ("Cry") Ray at London's famed old Hippodrome and wrote the following clinical report in *Punch*:

"You folks," says Mr. Ray in a voice scraped raw with song, "are more generous to me than I deserve." The house shrieks indignantly, because this is practically abdication; but finding that its idol is only introducing his tribute to the band ("not only very wunnerful musicians but each one my very dear friend"), it roars obedient acclaim, and the band rise to their feet with the sulky air of men who know that they are only another man's gimmick. For Mr. Ray's gimmick is to affect a touching humility before the gifts divinely bestowed on him.

This is no easy trick for an extrovert-plus, but he performs it creditably. As he sings, his large bony fingers grope for confidence among the spotlight's motes, or nervously smooth the pockets of his costly dinner-suit; his gangling frame folds into the diffident attitudes of a lady companion anxious to please an exacting employer: in approaching a high note he is the schoolboy cricketer praying to hold a vital catch.

As the evening wears on he gathers a little self-esteem; his gestures open out; he falls on a knee and thumps the stage; his hair-do collapses; he begins to get his teeth almost literally into his material, worrying the lyrics like a terrier with an old boot, biting off the sugary phrases as if they were sticks of seaside rock. In an atmosphere of rising hysteria, the screams mount, the band blasts. Those who would like to leave dare not, for fear of lynching.

His secret is dark, powerful and obscure. He lays claim, by implication chiefly, to some sense of soul ("Wanna walk an' talk with my Lord," he bawls, tousled and sweating), and perhaps to his particular audience his shallows of the spirit seem like depths. On the other hand, the screamers and shriekers and long, ecstatic moaners, as he drags out tormentedly a "favourite of my Mom and Dad's," are clearly getting a separate satisfaction out of their own behaviour. In fact so much of the performance is contributed from the auditorium that it is as hard to assess its merits as it is to explain its success. On the last score, the ostentatiously worn deaf aid should not perhaps be overlooked. It hints at a frailty bravely overcome, and stirs all kinds of half-realized compassions, particularly in those who forget that deaf aids can be had in much less conspicuous forms nowadays.

All Over

A chill rain spread gloom over Lydd airport one morning last week as Group Captain Peter Townsend oversaw the loading of his green Renault sedan aboard an air freighter. Curious sightseers huddled near by, but the airman had no last words for them, not even a farewell wave of the hand as he himself climbed aboard the plane. A half hour later he was gone from



Topical
PRINCESS MARGARET AT ST. PAUL'S
Disestablish the church?

England, bound for his air attaché post in Brussels. The romance was over.

All over Britain were heard voices raised in admiration for 25-year-old Princess Margaret's decision to choose duty over love;⁴⁵ others felt only immense sympathy for her. But mixed with these solemn sounds, in many a pub in gamblineminded Britain, was the noise of bets

* In Paris, Margaret's renunciation intrigued the French more than her romance ever had. Said Novelist Louise (*Belle Amour*) de Villemorin, "Margaret's case did not become interesting to me until the moment she said no."

being paid off. The *London Times*, which managed to editorialize on the news without mentioning Townsend by name, commended Margaret for doing what was "expected of her." The self-appointed leader of the opposite side, the brash tabloid *Daily Mirror*, proclaimed: "A crisis has come to the serene cloisters of the Church of England. Slowly, a wave of anger mounts against the Primate, bringing with it a tide of doubt about the teachings of the church on divorce." The Archbishop of Canterbury, appearing on a TV interview,⁴⁶ insisted that he himself had had nothing to do with the Princess' decision. "Of course," he said, "she took advice, and she chose whom she took it from." And then he added, with a bluntness that distressed even some of his supporters: "We are fighting against a great popular wave of stupid emotionalism." The Archbishop's attitude on divorce, sniffed Lord Beaverbrook's *Evening Standard*, "makes it inevitable that the question of the disestablishment of the Church of England must be urgently examined."

After two days of seclusion in Clarence House, Princess Margaret returned to the public life for which she was trained. Some 500 of her sister's subjects gathered in the rain on the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral as she went to attend a commemorative service there. They stood respectfully as she passed by, a gentle smile suffusing her face. They gave her no cheers, but from here and there in the crowd came a few encouraging words: "Good luck" and "God bless you."

Chancellor's Comeback

In Britain's House of Commons, it is often good politics to make a show of courting unpopularity: members are inclined to suspect any attempt to be popular as evidence of bad taste. Last week Tory Chancellor of the Exchequer Richard A. ("Rab") Butler remembered good politics as he rose, white-faced and grim, to defend himself against a Labor censure motion condemning him for "incompetence and neglect." The week before, Butler had been scourged by Labor's ambitious Hugh Gaitskell, a former Chancellor himself, who demanded that Butler resign (*TIME*, Nov. 7). Now Butler set out to defend his emergency tax-raising budget to combat British inflation. He not only admitted that his tax increases would hurt but made a virtue of it ("I do not expect them to be popular"). Then Butler turned sarcastically to the charge of incompetence. "Socialists," he said, "are connoisseurs of incompetence. Let us look at some of the vintage years—1947, 1949 and 1951." With that, he neatly skewered the Labor Chancellors of those years: Hugh Dalton, Stafford Cripps and Hugh Gaitskell. "Each Labor Vintage Chancellor," Butler charged, "produced his own distinctive crisis with his own particular brand of incompetence."

For Mr. Gaitskell, his onetime friend, Butler added, "I reserve neglect." Recall-

* For other news of Canterbury, see RELIGION.

ing that Britain's reserves had poured out during Gaitskell's tenure, Butler reminded the House that "all the records show is that cheese imports were reduced to save \$40 million." Butler gestured scornfully towards Gaitskell, sitting opposite. "This marvelous roaring lion," he said, "is a little mouse who could only gnaw at a piece of cheese."

All told, it was one of the most effective performances in Rab Butler's 26 years in Parliament, and topped Gaitskell's Philippic of the week before. The House rejected the censure motion (320-261). Yet a forensic victory in the Commons was only a beginning, and Rab Butler knew it. He still has to prove that his new dose of austerity will work in practice. The first signs were not encouraging: at week's end, British workers filed demands for pay increases which, if granted, would give the inflationary spiral another upward twist. The one hopeful sign was that the drain of British dollar reserves in October was less than half what it was in September. The pound last week, for the first time in a year, was selling at a fraction higher than its official rate, \$2.80.

GENEVA

Difficult Spirit

It was hard being Vyacheslav Molotov last week. Under the pounding of the West's three foreign ministers, Molotov retreated all week long. And his instructions from the Kremlin were to do it with good grace, which comes hard to Vyacheslav Molotov.

The West began the week with a show of generosity that was hard for him to match. U.S. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles announced that the U.S. was immediately lifting the passport restrictions that have prohibited U.S. citizens from traveling to Russia and its satellites without special permission. The U.S. was also easing the procedures that control trade with the Soviet bloc, Dulles added. He offered more, if the Russians would reciprocate: distribution of Russian films, books, newspapers in the U.S.; establishment of regular Russian commercial-airline flights, even a monthly exchange of radio commentaries on world developments to be broadcast over U.S. networks.

No matter what the subject, Old Ironbottom was not as nimble as he used to be. In the past, he could always cover up his defeats in his false-premise logic and steal the headlines by explosive charges of warmongering. Last week he seemed sadly hampered by the new rules imposed by the Spirit of Geneva. The relaxation it had produced in Europe was serving the Kremlin well, and Molotov was apparently under strict orders not to spoil this pleasant atmosphere.

"Parallel Thinking." Again and again he talked of security; again and again the West brought him back to the reunification of Germany. Molotov abandoned his "all-Europe" security plan and produced a new one based on a tactical error com-

mitted by Prime Minister Anthony Eden at the first summit meeting. Eden had tentatively proposed zones of controlled armed forces on either side of the present East-West German border—instead of on the eastern border of a reunited Germany, as the West now wants. Britain's Macmillan forcefully rejected both Molotov's proposal, and, by implication, Eden's earlier idea: "We . . . do not believe that there can be any real security in Europe as long as Germany is divided."

Dulles, giving Molotov no chance to blame the West for a failure at Geneva, chose to emphasize the points of seeming agreement ("a quite remarkable degree of parallel thinking"). "There is before us a realizable vision of security in Europe . . . provided—and of course this proviso is of the utmost importance—we can make

there was a system of many lists and it proved unsatisfactory. We have a single list, in the Soviet Union, but it produces a representative government." He pressed for the attendance of "both" Germanys at the Geneva conference, insisting that "the German people" support the Communist East German government. Retorted Macmillan: "I recall that the government of East Germany was returned to power by over 99% of the votes cast. Over 32 years, I have participated in ten general elections, in my country. Any candidate, let alone any party, who polls 99% of the vote is not an ordinary person. He must be considered a walking miracle." Snapped Molotov: "I suppose that must be considered an exercise in wit."

Elections Now, at week's end Molotov slipped. He carelessly suggested "we should take practical steps which can be implemented right now." Dulles swiftly took him up on the words. He proposed a short plan, approved by the West German government, to hold all-German elections for a constitutional convention in September 1956, set up a four-power commission immediately to set the electoral rules and provide for supervision, and to submit its report by January. Molotov, though dutifully promising "study" in the spirit of Geneva, could only protest that it was "torn from the basic problem of European security."

The West had pressed as hard for German reunification as any German could wish. But no amount of slugging ever hurt a manager much, and Molotov's managers were in Moscow. At week's end, Molotov staggered back to his Moscow corner, there to hear what new instructions his managers might whisper into his ringing ears. Curiously, *Pravda* picked this moment to deliver a renewed blast at Molotov for the "deviationism" for which he publicly apologized a month ago. Old Bolshevik Molotov was finding it tough all over.

Dewdrop In

The Big Four, meeting at Geneva, agreed to take two holidays—one (on behalf of the French) on All Saints Day at week's beginning; the other (on behalf of the Russians), six days later, on the anniversary of the October revolution. U.S. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles decided to celebrate the religious holiday by calling on Spain's Catholic Francisco Franco, and to celebrate the Communist holiday by calling on Yugoslavia's Communist Tito. Neither dictator had ever been so honored before.

Traveling on his special Air Force Super Constellation, the *Dewdrop*, Dulles first dropped in to pay a five-hour call on Spain and enjoy a sustaining lunch of lobster and *polenta* at General Franco's palace. Madrid's newspapers wiped their front pages clear to proclaim the great event. An honor guard of Spanish troops was on hand to receive the visitor, and Madrid's citizens lined the roadways to welcome him. "My coming here," said Dulles, "is a manifestation of the friend-



INTERNATIONAL
MOLOTOV (WITH GROMYKO) AT GENEVA
No longer so nimble.

similar progress with respect to the unification of Germany," Dulles declared. Molotov was forced to a "fall-back position" that free elections would deprive East Germany's loyal citizens of the joys of Communism.

"I am really surprised that Mr. Molotov should assume, as he apparently does, that under conditions of free elections, where the people have the right to see and examine what is going on, they will reject the East German regime," said Dulles. France's Pinay sardonically pointed out that the East Germans themselves did not seem to appreciate the "social achievements" Molotov wanted to protect. "Three million Germans have fled from Herr Grotewohl's paradise since 1945," Pinay pointed out, "and the exodus is still going on, and increasing."

Molotov twisted and turned under the onslaught. He even ventured a remarkable defense of unfree elections. "Let us not take such an arrogant view of the single-list election," he said. "In Czarist Russia

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ship between our countries." It was also regarded by Franco as final proof that he was not only a useful ally but also socially acceptable. Dulles told Franco that the U.S. is heartily in favor of Spain's admittance to the U.N.

At week's end Dulles flew to Yugoslavia, a country that no other U.S. Secretary of State has ever visited. Once again, John Foster Dulles exuded a clubby desire for friendship. Soon after the Secretary's arrival at President Tito's Adriatic island retreat at Brioni, the dictator, in Dulles' words, "whisked him off" in his gleaming white speedboat. "I was glad to see he knew how to drive it," said Dulles later. "I was gladder," said Speedster Tito.

Before a lunch described by Dulles as "heavy," the two smiled and laughed before a crowd of reporters, admitted that they had discussed the problems of Eastern Europe, Germany and the Middle East. Were they in agreement? asked the press. "Yes," replied Dulles, and emphasized: "We discussed the problem of the states of Eastern Europe, and we are in common accord in recognizing the importance of the independence of those states, non-interference from the outside, and their right to develop their own social and economic orders in ways of their own choice." Turning to his host, Dulles asked: "We are in common accord, are we not?" "Yes," replied Tito.

FRANCE

Election in December

When the present French Assembly expires, all France—and most of the rest of the world, too—will find it easy to contain its grief. In 4½ years, the Assembly has overthrown six governments, spent one week out of every five bogged down in a Cabinet crisis, tabled more than 13,000 bills while approving less than 1,000. Last week the Deputies were maneuvered into voting themselves out of office six months before their time.

The man who brought it off was agile Premier Edgar Faure, a wily practitioner of parliamentary maneuver. After squeaking through three confidence votes in less than three weeks, each time constructing his majority from a different grouping, Faure hoped that new elections might give him a working majority. The possibility of prematurely losing their plush red seats filled Deputies of all parties with dismay. One of them argued that elections before Christmas would be cruel because voting usually takes place in schools, and "our schools are never adequately warmed in December." Children, he seemed to be arguing, may be subjected to cold but not voters.

Before facing the people, each party wanted to change the voting rules to favor its own candidates. The present Assembly was elected under a system which penalized the extremes (Communists and Gaullists) in favor of the center. The man who called most loudly for electoral reform was ex-Premier Pierre



International

GENERALISSIMO FRANCO & SECRETARY DULLES
A sign of social acceptability.

Mendès-France. Both Edgar Faure and Mendès-France, old friends who are now open enemies, belong to the same center party, the Radicals, but while Faure holds office by getting the right to support the center, Mendès-France wants to regain office by uniting left and center. To organize his new non-Communist left, Mendès-France needs time, and by calling for early elections, Faure hopes to deny him that time.

Mendès tried to delay elections by demanding electoral reforms first. Faure blandly said he would accept any one of a dozen proposed electoral plans before the House, but demanded a vote of confidence on elections soon. He won, 330-211, with the help of 88 Communist votes. Presumably the Communists would just as soon have an early election while the spirit of Geneva is still in the air and voters everywhere are grumbling about the Saar, North Africa, the draft and the high cost of living.

Triumphant Exile

From the moment his plane touched down at Nice airport last week, Morocco's ex-Sultan Sidi Mohammed ben Youssef made clear he was not returning as a suppliant, grateful to be allowed to return from remote Madagascar to a more congenial clime. Two hundred Moroccans stood in the drizzling rain to cheer him as he descended, swete in grey *djellabah* and white pointed slippers, and followed by his two sons, four daughters, two wives and 19 veiled concubines. The Foreign Ministry had ordered a Riviera hotel specially reopened for him. But after only one night, Ben Youssef abruptly announced that he was moving on to Paris (wailed the maître d'hôtel: "A 24-hour season! I have never seen anything like it!"). Hastily, the French government ordered the swank Hotel Pavillon Henri IV, twelve miles outside Paris, cleared of

guests and Ben Youssef moved in with his entourage.

Foreign Minister Antoine Pinay flew back from the foreign ministers' conference in Geneva especially to confer with him. At the end of two hours' talk, Ben Youssef was graciously understanding. He spoke soberly of "a Franco-Moroccan interdependence," and dispatched a "message of hope, of wisdom and of reconciliation" to the Moroccan and of reconciliation.

In the next few days, one Moroccan notable after another hustled to the Hotel Henri IV to pay his respects. Ben Youssef summoned his old enemy Hadj Thami El Glaoi to Paris, and 80-year-old El Glaoi took ship to comply. The four-member throne council so painstakingly created by the French to preclude the return of Ben Youssef now declared that the council's sole purpose was to reinstate him on the throne, and offered their resignation in a body.

In a matter of days, the whole elaborate contrivance of checks, balances, compromises and precautions which the French had devised in Morocco had collapsed on their heads. Last week, gulping bravely, the government issued a statement that it "welcomed the possibilities which now appear of ensuring for Morocco a calm, orderly evolution of its destiny in permanent cooperation with the renewed framework of France." In Morocco, where Ben Youssef has become in exile a hero he never was in residence, joyous nationalists bought lambs, chickens and goats to fatten up for slaughter when Ben Youssef returns. At week's end the French government itself bowed to the inevitable and formally decided that the man they had exiled so peremptorily two years ago could return to Morocco's vacant throne whenever it suited him. This might be hard on French pride, but what was pride if peace was to be had?



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WEST GERMANY After Adenauer

After four weeks in bed with a severe bout of bronchial pneumonia, West German Chancellor Konrad Adenauer was up and about again. The old man (he will be 80 next January) was still confined to his villa overlooking the Rhine, but he called in his Cabinet officers and kept up with the news from Geneva (see above). Doctors had advised a three-month vacation in Sicily, but *der Alte* would have none of it. "A leave of convalescence does not seem required," said a bulletin from Bonn.

During the nationwide fretting over the Chancellor's illness, one previously unmentionable subject got talked about, and all but settled. Should Adenauer die in harness or be forced by ill health to resign, he will be succeeded by his Finance Minister, wispy Fritz Schäffer, the penny-pinching Bavarian banker who did most to make the German mark sound. At his age (67), Schäffer would probably be only an interim leader until some younger, stronger man could emerge. For the long pull, the betting now favors Foreign Minister Heinrich von Brentano, 51, or Trade Unionist Karl Arnold, 54, Minister President of West Germany's biggest state, North Rhine-Westphalia.

ITALY Helping Red Hands

In these days of precariously narrow majorities in the Italian Chamber of Deputies, the 75 Socialist votes controlled by Italy's fellow-traveling Stalin Prize winner Pietro Nenni have always been regarded as forbidden fruit, something to be enviously eyed but eventually rejected. The price always looked too high. Last week Fellow Traveler Pietro Nenni, one of Italy's shrewdest politicians, embarrassed the Christian Democratic government of Antonio Segni by offering his votes free.

Signor Nenni, fresh from talks with Comrade Khrushchev in the Crimea and a noisy welcome in Communist China (TIME, Oct. 31), was at the top of his parliamentary form. Before the Italian Chamber was an uninspired piece of legislation aimed at modifying an old Fascist law which gave extensive authority to military courts. For support of the mild proposed modification, the Christian Democrats depended on the votes of Italy's Monarchist and neo-Fascist right.

When the bill came to a vote, the right was primed to claim that its support of the government had created a new kind of *de facto* Italian coalition. But at this moment, Nenni demonstrated his masterful grasp of parliamentary maneuver. Before a surprised Chamber of Deputies, a Nenni lieutenant announced: "We cannot allow the good parts of this law to appear approved through the collusion of the right with the center. We shall consequently reverse ourselves and vote for this bill." The bill passed 377 to 97. Nenni invoked his master in justifying his ac-



Italy's News Photos

FELLOW TRAVELER NENNI
A smile for only 25 canings.

tion: "We had already lost this battle. In switching our votes we were simply applying Lenin's teaching that 25 canings are preferable to 50 canings."

Twice more on successive days, Red Socialist strategy saved the government from serious embarrassment. A government budget bill was about to be defeated because about 40 government supporters were absent. A Nenni henchman, while publicly opposing the budget, sent 30 or 40 Communist and Socialist members out of the hall to match the missing Christian Democrats. The Segni government was saved from a defeat. Philosophizing on his new strategy (which Italians are calling the Strategy of the Smile), Nenni said: "The slow disintegration of the majority is turning the Houses of Parliament into a sort of jungle . . . We are not concerned with overthrowing ministers by secret votes, but rather with testing the minister when it comes to carrying out his program. This is the opening to the left, no more and no less."

Embarrassed Christian Democrats insisted, in the words of Party Secretary Amintore Fanfani: "We look at their votes without gratitude and we are determined not to pay for them in any way." But it was a compromised government that had to count on Nenni's favors, even if it would not say thank you, said Nenni coolly to a Milan audience: "I am glad to be able to say that things have considerably improved."

FRENCH CAMEROONS Out of the Kettle

Down among the French Cameroons in equatorial Africa, there lived a Sultan, a chief of the Bamoum tribesmen, who decided to be on the side of progress. The 17th Sultan of Foumban invented an alphabet of his own, taught his subjects the virtues of hard work and discipline and

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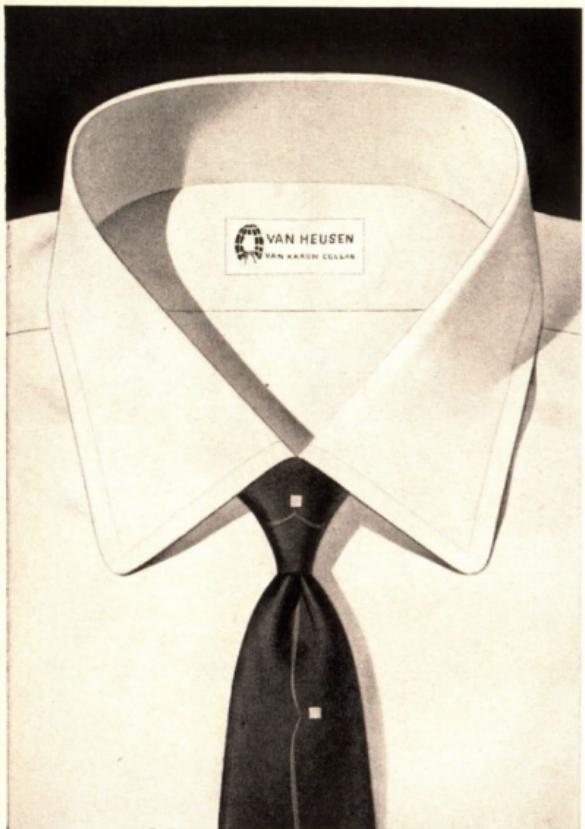
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sent his son Seydou N'jimoluh Njoya off to learn French in a Protestant mission school. In time, Seydou himself became Sultan and decided to outdo his father in progress. Though he surrounded himself with the traditional swarms of wives and concubines (59 in all), and wore the heavy cloaks and turbans of his ancestors, Sultan Seydou had picked up a few modern ideas at school.

Seydou decided to get some service out of the ancient feudal officers at his father's court. The royal Master of Ceremonies was put in charge of street cleaning; the Keeper of the Weapons was made health commissioner; the general of the non-existent army was made chief truant officer. With French government help, a new industry, coffee culture, was introduced, and—in direct answer to the newly



SULTAN-MAYOR SEYDOU
"Election has its good sides."

literate demands of the Sultan's people—a postal service was begun. "With tradition as the father and modernization, brought by the French, as mother," said the Sultan, "we shall produce a healthy child."

Last January energetic French High Commissioner Roland Pré instituted some reforms of his own. Anxious to cut down the top-heavy local administrative setup in the Cameroons, he began looking for likely natives to serve in local municipal offices. When he canvassed the natives of Foumban on their choice for mayor, the answer was a landslide for Sultan Seydou.

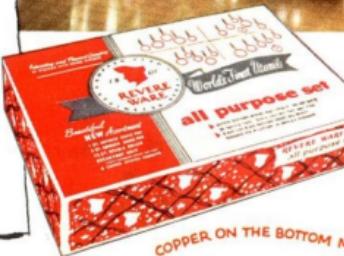
Last week, a portly 40 (in the tradition of aldermen as well as sultans), the first native mayor to be elected in the Cameroons beamed happily over the switch in his status. "Election has its good sides," Sultan Seydou told a friend, "because you always know that you have to do the right thing because otherwise you'll be fired by the voters. Acting as absolute ruler is like sitting in a dark, iron kettle with the lid on."



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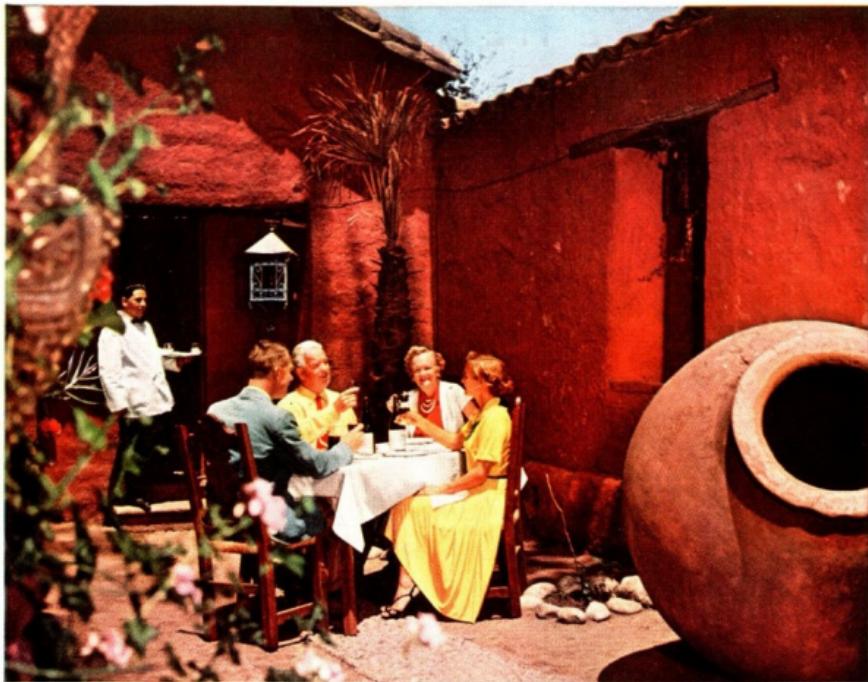
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THE HEMISPHERE

THE AMERICAS

Good Partners

To the Monroe Doctrine for the defense of the hemisphere, and the Good Neighbor policy of Franklin D. Roosevelt, the Eisenhower Administration has already made one notable addition with its formula of the Good Partner (TIME, Dec. 6). Last week in New Orleans, Vice President Richard Nixon set forth before a meeting of the Inter-American Press Association a further guiding philosophy for the relationship between the U.S. and its 20 Latin-American neighbors. Said Nixon:

"Our philosophy is based upon a profound respect for the dignity and sanctity of the individual. We believe that the state exists in order to insure a more rich and abundant life for its citizens. We reject the totalitarian philosophy that the welfare of citizens should be sacrificed in order to contribute to the prestige of the state.

"We believe that a powerful nation has no inherent right to be surrounded by satellites. Each state, no matter how small, is entitled to recognition of its independence and equality under international law. The smallest state should have the same confidence as the largest that its sovereignty and territorial integrity will be respected. We reject the Communist philosophy that stronger states should take from weaker states lying within the orbit of their power. Stronger states should contribute to the development and welfare of less-developed states."

Then, to prove U.S. willingness to back up high ideals with hard cash, the Vice President promised his Latin-American neighbors: "Our Government will continue its policy of offering generous sources of official loans for every sound economic development project elsewhere in the hemisphere for which capital is not reasonably forthcoming from private sources or from other official lending agencies such as the International Bank. We know that what harms one member of the American family harms all, and what helps one helps all."

GUATEMALA

State Visit

At Washington's National Airport, the door of the big Constellation swung open and President Carlos Castillo Armas and his pretty, dark-eyed wife plunged into the pleasant confusion with which the U.S. welcomes visiting heads of state. Guns boomed, bands played, troops paraded. Smiling Vice President Richard Nixon and his wife Pat hurried up to greet the Castillo Armases like the friends they have been since the Nixon's Caribbean tour last February. "Again!" shouted the photographers over and over. "It's an old American custom," Nixon explained. "I know," replied Castillo Armas. "They do the same thing in Guatemala."

Along streets lined with a military honor guard, the visitors rode to the President's Guest House, where they were quartered while in Washington. On Constitution Avenue, banners flapped gaily—except for the half-masted flag of South Carolina. Thus did his home state honor the late Jack Peurifoy, pistol-packing U.S. Ambassador to Guatemala who helped negotiate the cease-fire between anti-Communist Revolutionary Castillo Armas and the pro-Red forces he defeated in June 1954.

Gold Service. That night the Nixons, official hosts in the absence of President and Mrs. Eisenhower, gave a state dinner for the Castillo Armases at Anderson House; two nights later, the Guatemalan

Paramount Consideration. In speeches before the Organization of American States in Washington and the U.N. General Assembly in New York, and through all his press conferences, ran the theme that Castillo Armas wanted to leave with the U.S. and the world. Guatemala, he said, was "the first country in history that overthrew a Communist dictatorship." As a result, "nowhere else in the world can the effects of Communism and of democracy on the ordinary person be compared so accurately as in Guatemala."

Earnestly recognizing his own responsibility to make sure that democracy wins the test, Castillo Armas plugged his plans for economic prosperity, the liberal constitution that will go into effect soon



THE CASTILLO ARMASES WITH THE NIXONS IN WASHINGTON
They recognized an old American custom.

United Press

guests responded with a banquet at the Shoreham Hotel, which got out its famed gold service for the occasion. On Mamie Eisenhower's telegraphed invitation, the Castillo Armases toured the White House—and nearly bumped into a group of touring Russian housing experts.

Then the Guatemalan party flew to Manhattan, where, based at the Waldorf-Astoria, the visiting President attended a special birthday Mass (he turned 41 last week) at St. Patrick's Cathedral, breakfasted with Francis Cardinal Spellman, got showered with ticker tape on lower Broadway, received honorary degrees from Columbia and Fordham, hustled through a round of conferences with such U.S. notables as Ralph Bunche, James A. Farley and United Fruit President Kenneth Redmond. At week's end the visitors were off on a U.S. tour that would include a friendly talk with Ike in Denver and the Vanderbilt-Tulane football game in New Orleans.

after he returns home, and the promise of free elections next year. But the "paramount consideration," he added convincingly, "is respect for the integrity and dignity of the human person."

Except for the social functions required by protocol, Odilia de Castillo Armas, 35, followed a schedule of her own. As Guatemala's First Lady and by custom unofficial head of the country's social services, she dutifully toured an imposing number of U.S. orphanages, hospitals and settlement houses. But her obvious compassion and easy informality turned duty calls into friendly visits. Once she cupped her hand under a little girl's chin and gently told her: "Don't talk and chew gum at the same time." Doña Odilia was also a hit with fashion reporters: her dresses for the visit were mostly cut from the famed Guatemalan cloths woven of wool, cotton and silver thread in Mayan designs by Guatemalan Indians.



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ARGENTINA

The Unemployed Traveler

For "stains on his military honor," a court of generals last week threw Juan Perón out of the Argentine army and forbade him "forever" to wear its uniform. Some of the stains: last June's church-burnings; the "waves of idolatry" that Perón permitted for himself ("towns, houses, schools, prizes and even a province were given his name"); and "relations with a minor"—namely, Perón's hobby-boxer mistress Nelly Rivas (TIME, Oct. 10), with whom he "cohabited for two years in the presidential palace," starting when Nelly was only 14.

"Relations with a minor" is a common, nonpolitical crime that could have subjected the exiled Perón to extradition to Argentina for trial. Moreover, Paraguay, his host, had become increasingly nervous over his presence so near to Argentina. So when old friend Anastasio ("Tacho") Somoza, the Nicaraguan dictator, invited him to drop in for a visit, Perón decided to move on.

He took down a picture of his late wife Evita from his bedroom wall, packed his clothes and drove off one midnight in Paraguayan President Alfredo Stroessner's own car. Well before dawn, Perón, who hates planes, was airborne in a DC-3 piloted by the Paraguayan air force's best flier. The plane's short range made any direct flight across the vast Amazonian jungles impossible; instead the aircraft hoppedscotch up the east coast of South America for four days. Stops on Perón's Odyssey:

¶ Rio de Janeiro, for fuel.
¶ Salvador, for a night's rest and rueful remarks that he was just an "unemployed traveler," and that it was "very improbable" he would ever return to Paraguay.
¶ São Luis, on the north coast of the Brazilian hump, for fuel.
¶ Macapá, on the mouth of the Amazon, for rest and mechanical checkup for the plane.
¶ Paramaribo, Surinam, where he signed short-snorter bills.

¶ Caracas, Venezuela, for the weekend. Since bosomy Italian Actress Silvana Mangano was occupying the Hotel Tamanaco's luxurious presidential suite, Perón made do with lesser quarters and jovially met the press on the terrace. What about Nelly? the reporters asked. "I'm too old for politics, war or women," joked 60-year-old Juan Perón. What did he think of Argentina's new president, General Eduardo Lonardi? "Lonardi is like the man who leaped from the roof of a twelve-story building and yelled as he passed the fourth floor, 'I'm doing well so far!'"

In sweltering Nicaragua, Tacho Somoza readied a modest house on his cattle and cotton ranch, which overlooks the Pacific, for Perón. "He will be my house guest," said Tacho. "I might even give him a chance to do some work with a pick and shovel." But there were hints that Tacho, too, hoped that discredited Juan Perón would soon move on again.

COLOMBIA

The Urge to Kill

Colombia's backlands blood feud between Liberals and Conservatives goes on, only partly muffled by the iron censorship of President Gustavo Rojas Pinilla. Last week, from Strongman Rojas himself, came a communiqué on the fighting. In one of his rare press interviews, he told the Chicago *Daily News*' John B. McDermott that this year the struggle has cost 2,000 or more lives.⁶

The warfare, originally a Liberal guerrilla revolt against the oppression of a Conservative dictatorship, lost its point two years ago when General Rojas, though a Conservative himself, got fed up and overthrew the regime. The fighting slackened for a time—but the habit of bloodshed proved too strong. "Liberals kill Conservatives, then Conservatives kill



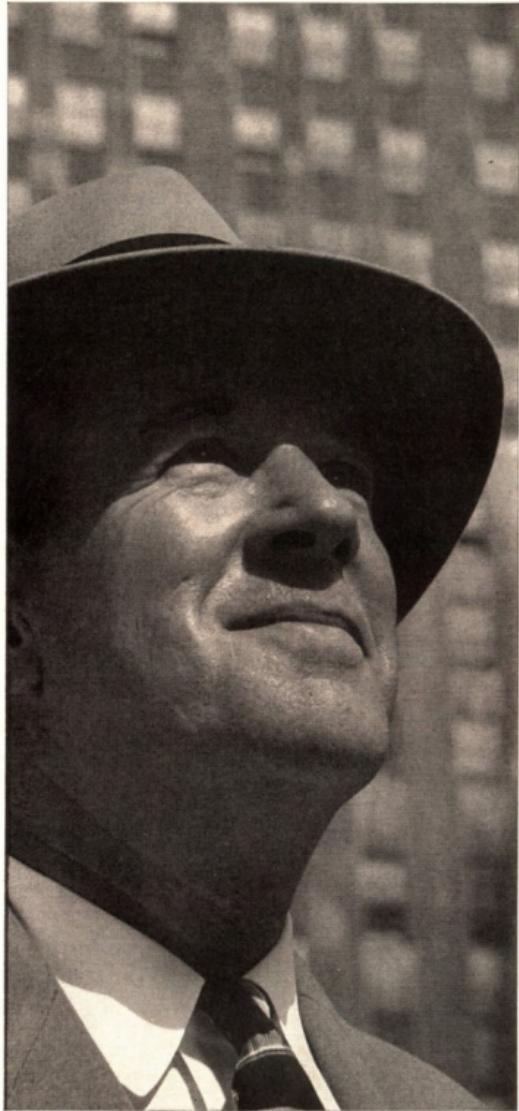
PRESIDENT ROJAS
It's a habit.

United Press

Liberals," Rojas complained to Newsman McDermott. "One killing leads to another."

His failure to stamp out guerrilla warfare has apparently left Rojas embarrassed and angry; his irate closing of Colombia's biggest daily, *El Tiempo*, last August followed his charge that the paper had reported a car-accident death as a political murder. Most foreign observers think that such highhanded measures have cost Rojas heavily in popularity. But President Rojas firmly insists that the country is still with him: "Ninety percent of the people back my government," he said. McDermott's eyebrows shot up. "Ninety-nine percent," snapped Rojas.

At the New Orleans meeting of the International American Press Association last week, Barranquilla Editor Julian Davis Echandía, defending Rojas' censorship on the ground that Colombia is "in a state of war," said that the six-year death toll in his country's civil war has now reached 150,000.



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PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

Paying his first visit to Miami in some 20 years, Architectian **Frank Lloyd Wright**, 86, duly paid the city's palm-fringed structures his typical disrespects. In a word, after a look at a flossy row of hotels and cottages: "Horrible." Critic Wright, from the height of his years, lowered the boom on the locals: "Miamians are living in houses pigs would be ashamed to live in." One hotel was summarily dismissed: "Worse than an ant-hill." Miamians were slow to lash back at Wright; he had not directly blamed them for their housing plight. The real villains, as always, said Architect Wright, are "the architects."

After nearly three rugged weeks spent in shaking off pneumonia as a patient in the U.S. Air Force hospital in Madrid, Aviatrix **Jacqueline Cochran**, who arrived as a guest of Spain's Air Ministry in September, boarded a plane for Paris and tossed a flying helmet that landed in a ring way over in California's 29th Congressional District. First woman pilot ever to crack the sound barrier, Jackie Cochran announced that she will try to crash into politics as a Republican candidate in the Southern California district now represented by Republican John Phillips.

To 46 U.S. military men who distinguished themselves in action or high command in Korea, the British Crown awarded some of its loftiest honors for merit and heroism. Dubbed an honorary knight in the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire: Army Chief of Staff General **Maxwell D. Taylor**, commander of the Eighth Army in Korea. Named an honorary Companion of the Order of the Bath: the Air Force's calmly tough deputy chief of staff for personnel, Lieut. General **Emmett ("Rosie") O'Donnell**, who bossed the U.N. Bomber Command. Winners of Distinguished Flying Crosses: U.S. Air Force aces Major **James A. Jabara** (credited with shooting down 15 Red planes in Korea) and Colonel **Robert P. Baldwin** (five enemy kills).

Now retiring from Broadway after a half-century stage career, veteran Actress **Blanche** (*The Carefree Tree*) **Yurka**, 62, made it clear to a New York Timesman that age has nothing to do with her exit. Said she with a shudder: "I don't like the passion for ugliness that seems so much a part of our theater today . . . the more seamy psychological aspects . . . I'm not screaming for sweetness and light, but I do resent all this ugliness. That's why I'm getting out."

Pert **Nina** ("Honey Bear") **Warren**, 22, youngest daughter of Chief Justice **Earl Warren**, strolled into the Santa Monica, Calif. marriage-license bureau with her beau of three months' acquaintance.



Associated Press
HONEY BEAR & GROOM
Some fast thinking.

ance, Beverly Hills Obstetrician Stuart Brien, 33. After she and Dr. Brien filled out their application, Nina, asked about their wedding plans, replied innocently: "We haven't thought about it yet." By next day at midnight, they had done some fast thinking, avoided a three-day waiting period by hopping up to Las Vegas, where a Nevada knot was tied.

In Hollywood's main bout of the week, red-haired, spitfire Cinematress **Susan (I'll Cry Tomorrow) Hayward**, 34, weighing in at 112 lbs., fought a one-round free-for-all to a draw with yellow-haired



Wide World
HOLLYWOOD'S HAYWARD
An untimely visit.

Starlet **Jil** (*A Twinkle in God's Eye*) **Jarmyn**, 23 and a well-turned 110 lbs. Prize: the affections of straight-shooting Horse Operator **Donald ("Red Ryder") Barry**, 45, who, true to the best traditions of the Wild West, took no side in the ladies' brawl. Dropping around to Red's house, unannounced, at 11 a.m. for a spot of coffee, Jil was startled to find Susan in bed wearing blue and white pajamas. Barry, in maroon pajamas, suggested that Jil's visit was untimely. It was. After that, declared Jil, Susan came at her with bared talons, a wooden hairbrush and a lighted cigarette, finally ripped the buttons off her blouse. Said Susan later: "She made an insulting remark, and it infuriated me. I went toward her, and a wrestling match ensued . . . I'm red-haired and Irish, you know." After swearing out an assault-and-battery complaint against Susan, Jil, whose good fight had done her movie career no harm, purred testily: "I don't want this bad publicity. But why should I sit back and let this woman clobber me?" Before he galloped off to hideout, Cowboy Barry drawled fair-and-square: "Look, I'm in the middle of this."

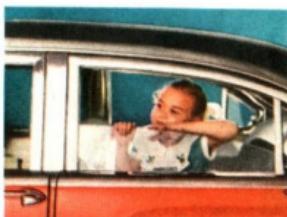
Onetime TV Quizmaster **Rudolph Halley**, 42, long a student of gambling as chief counsel of the Kefauver Crime Investigating Committee, turned up as a stockholder in a sport and gambling enterprise, to operate in Puerto Rico. The promotion: a \$1,500,000 *jai alai* palace, to be built just outside San Juan; it will seat 3,500 *aficionados*, provide them with such trimmings as five bars and parimutuel betting windows. Promoter Halley holds 30,000 shares of Puerto Rican *Jai Alai*, Inc.'s new stock. A Securities & Exchange Commission spokesman allowed that the public, in return for putting up 93% of the venture's cash, will get 1,250,000 shares at \$1.50 apiece—only 44% of stock outstanding. With Halley on the new company's seven-member board: Security Banknote Co.'s Vice President **William F. Talbert**, better known to sports fans as the nonplaying captain of the U.S. Davis Cup tennis team.

A superskeptical Indian journalist named S. M. Goswami brought out a potboiler last year, charging that neither Sir **Edmund Hillary** nor his famed Sherpa Guide **Tenzing** ever set foot atop Mount Everest, but had actually turned back 800 feet from the summit. Chuckled Everest's Co-conqueror Hillary: "The man is making a bit of a goat of himself." In Calcutta last week, Author Goswami, deeply affronted, butted back at Sir Edmund with a 100,000 rupee (\$20,000) libel and slander suit. Back home in New Zealand, where he is now planning an Antarctic expedition, part-time Beekeeper Hillary looked up from maps to chortle again: "I think it's a priceless joke. This chap will have to prove that Tenzing and I did not reach the top before anyone will take notice. He's got the hardest part ahead of him!"

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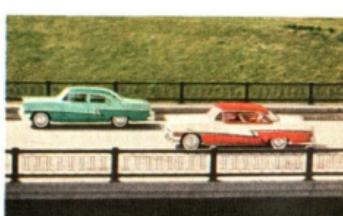
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THE PRESS

"Abuses of Power"

"Abuses of the power in federal agencies to suppress information of value and interest to the nation were never so rampant as now." Thus, the American Civil Liberties Union last week summed up a report on the suppression of Government news by official agencies, usually hiding behind the subterfuge of classified information. Government secrecy is not a partisan issue, the report made clear; the Truman Administration was guilty of the same kind of suppression. But, it added, "invisible government is now worse than at any time in many years."

The report, which was issued as a House subcommittee prepared to open hearings and question reporters on the



Ken Froelich

ALLEN RAYMOND
Thirty-two ways to say no.

same subject, was the work of Allen Raymond, 63, a veteran newsman who won his credentials at home and abroad on the *New York Times* and *Herald Tribune*. To measure censorship-at-the-source in Washington, Reporter Raymond spent six weeks interviewing capital newsmen as well as officials. His sober, 70-page roundup put together facts that have long rankled reporters in the capital. Samples:

¶ Security labels—"secret," "confidential," etc.—which were intended primarily for military and state secrets, seal off information not only at the Pentagon but at the Post Office and also such agencies and departments as the Tennessee Valley Authority, the Civil Aeronautics Board, the Treasury and the Department of the Interior.

¶ The Securities and Exchange Commission, in a well-meaning attempt to ensure accuracy, has revamped its rules, making it virtually impossible for a Washington

correspondent to get timely information about proxy fights in important corporations—though ironically one of SEC's main jobs is to keep the public informed on corporation activities. Two months ago the SEC tried tightening its regulations to go even farther. "The new rules," said the report, "make liable to criminal prosecution any reporter or publisher who secures such information from trade or other independent sources, and publishes it."

¶ The Agriculture Department drags its feet about releasing recommendations of its advisory committees. Recently, after a five-day delay, it made public five out of 50 recommendations by one group; eight weeks later the full report showed that many of the 45 suppressed recommendations had opposed department policy.

¶ Even in the genuine realms of national security, the Defense Department and the Atomic Energy Commission have withheld from the U.S. public information already available to the Russians. For example, more than a year after the Northrop Snark and Bell Rascal guided missiles had been parked at public airports for all to see, the Pentagon was still trying to keep their photographs out of print.

Apart from masking stupidity, corruption or political self-seeking, Raymond said, exaggerated Government secrecy can have the effect of damaging national security rather than protecting it. He cited *Aviation Week* as one of the critics making this charge and warning that the U.S. aircraft industry was suffering from Pentagon censorship. Last week *Aviation Week* returned to the attack with the "shocking" instance of how the U.S. development of the speedier "Coke bottle" design for supersonic planes was virtually unknown for almost three years to most U.S. plane designers. When *Aviation Week* recently published the complete details, said the editorial, "we were swamped with inquiries from aircraft industry engineers who had obviously never heard of [it]." Added the magazine: "The Air Force is now realizing that it has been paying a prohibitively high price for its supersecrecy."

The Washington newsmen themselves—and their papers—are partly to blame for the fact that so much legitimate information can be suppressed, said Raymond. Because most publishers support the Administration, he said, "able reporters today will not dig as deeply or work as hard to penetrate secrets within the federal Administration which they know will be undervalued, or cut to brief items on page 32 or 48, as they might have worked for Page One display during the Roosevelt or Truman Administrations."

But he emphasized that it was the Government, not the press, that had made Washington a city of secrets. As the House subcommittee under California Democrat John E. Moss got ready to

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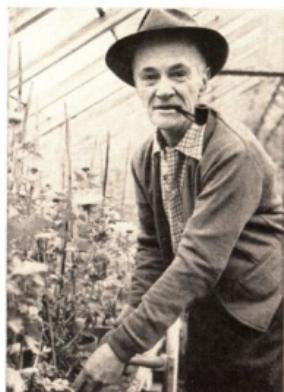
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listen to correspondents on the question, it issued a 552-page book summarizing the replies of 60 executive agencies to a list of 80 questions about information policies. Among other things, the replies showed that the classic categories of classified military information ("top secret," "secret," "confidential," "restricted") had multiplied like rabbits. Now there are rubber stamps in federal agencies with such legends as "classified defense information," "limited official use," "for staff use only," "confidential treatment," "not for publication." In all, at the latest count, secretive bureaucrats had figured out no fewer than 32 such high-sounding ways of saying no to newsmen.

Criticism was also leveled last week at newsmen for letting Government agencies suppress or color the news to suit themselves. Too many newsmen, scolded the Domestic News Committee of the Associated Press, suffer from a bad case of "handoutitis." The committee was talking about A.P. staffers, but it made clear that the disease is widespread. Said the committee: "Our reporting has deteriorated into a spoon-fed operation, complacently accepting handouts from Government, labor, business and self-serving organizations without asking questions or digging into the facts."

From Wall to Main

The biggest running story in the U.S. for the past decade has been the lusty growth of the nation's economy. Nevertheless, most U.S. dailies still tuck away the important stories of business on financial pages, where they are not only hard to find but often badly written in financial jargon. One notable exception is Manhattan's *Wall Street Journal*, which consistently plays up business news, makes it as lively and readable as news of crisis and crime. As a result, the *Journal* has written a lusty success story of its own since World War II. In ten years, the *Journal* has increased circulation more than 500%, built its staff from 704 to 1,440. To its San Francisco edition it has added printing plants in Chicago and Dallas, from which virtually identical editions reach all but a handful of the paper's estimated 383,000 subscribers on the day of publication.

This week the *Journal* was getting ready to start up its press in a new Washington plant, where 120,000 copies daily will be printed for readers from Capitol Hill to Pittsburgh. In addition to interpreting Government policies as they affect the businessman, the *Journal* in recent years has sharpened its straight political coverage, has gained circulation from Washington to the Deep South. The new plant, linked by Electro-Typesetter circuits to editorial offices in Manhattan, will be strategically located to serve this burgeoning market. In addition, it will relieve overstrained Manhattan presses, giving the *Journal* the mechanical capacity to meet a demand that has steadily pushed its national circulation ahead of



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on the
go...

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on the
go

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any other U.S. daily and is still growing at the rate of nearly 20% a year.

Experts & Nonexperts. The *Journal* has come up the hard way, nevertheless. Sorely hit by the Depression, it was limping along on 30,000 circulation in 1940 when Managing Editor (now President) Bernard Kilgore decided to turn the stodgy financial sheet into a readable paper aimed at the average businessman as well as the expert.

For the nonexpert (including 90,000 subscribers who are not directly engaged in business) and for faster reading, the *Journal* uses a unique six-column format, plays the news in a way opposite to most dailies: spot news stories usually run on inside pages, while Page One is given over to national and world news summaries, interpretive and feature stories, all occupying the same places from day to day, e.g., daily Page One leaders



Alan Richards

PUBLISHER BARNEY KILGORE
Steel is short, reporters plentiful.

range chattily (as they did last week) from Europe's motel boom to building trends in hospitals and supermarkets, Barney Kilgore has reluctantly expanded the *Journal* from an average of 16 to 24 pages daily since 1940 to make room for more advertising, but his editors still squeeze the most from every inch of space by only rarely running pictures.

Ups & Downs. But the thriving *Journal* never grudges the time and expense needed to get the news, e.g., 30 reporters were assigned to this week's Page One leader on the steel shortage. The *Journal's* biggest local staff (about 90 newsmen) is still in Manhattan, but some 160 staffers work out of bureaus in 17 other U.S. and Canadian cities, bringing the *Journal* a lot closer to Main than Wall Street. Says President Kilgore: "If we ever get rid of the ups and downs of business, it will be because people now are reading much more about it and are acting on what they've learned by reading."



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jigger, tip, and pour.

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SPORT

Upsetting Afternoon

The game in Yale Bowl started just as expected. Early in the second quarter Army recovered an Eli fumble, went 46 yds. in five plays to score. It hardly seemed to matter that Cadet Ralph Chesauskas missed the extra point. A few minutes later the West Pointers picked up another fumble, and they were rolling once more. The big question seemed to be how badly would Yale be beaten, but how badly would Yale be beaten up.

Last year Earl Blaik's Black Knights charged over the Eli's, 48-7, and battered them so badly that afterwards Yale was little more than a setup for Princeton and Harvard. This time things looked just as bad. It was small consolation that this was the last meeting in a rivalry dating back to 1893. Like the rest of the Ivy League, Yale next season will start taking on only teams of its own caliber.

But someone forgot to tell the Yale team to lie down and take its licking. An intercepted pass called a halt to Army's march, and the Yale line began to manhandle West Point. Army Quarterback Don Holleder was rushed so badly that his first eight passes were failures. Then it was Army's turn to fumble. Yale recovered, scored and kicked the extra point.

Through the rest of the game Yale Captain Phil Tarasovic and his fellow linemen kept the pressure on, and the Yale backs began to break loose. Surprisingly, it was Army that fell apart. In the fourth quarter Yale scored once more, kicked the extra point again and held Army to a last, late touchdown that made no difference at all.

The bowl boiled over: Yale had not looked so spectacular since the days of Clint Frank and Al Hessberg. On the field, the players were so hopped up that they kept right on belting each other around after the final gun. But on the board the score remained: Yale 14, Army 12.

¶ In another swan song to an old series, the University of Pennsylvania took the beating it was supposed to from powerful Notre Dame. But before they ran out of gas, the Quakers did themselves proud. Frank Riepl, a sophomore halfback starting his first college game, caught the Notre Dame kickoff and ran 108 yds. for a touchdown. Penn kept running through the first half and held the Irish to a 14-14 tie. Then they were overpowered. Final score: Notre Dame 46, Penn 14.

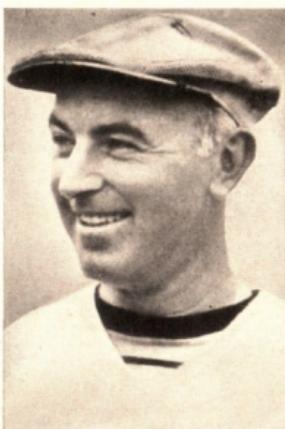
¶ Another unknown sophomore, Illinois' Halfback Bob Mitchell, led his team to a totally unexpected victory over high-riding Michigan. A third-quarter substitute, Mitchell wasted little time taking off on a 64-yd. touchdown run that put the Illini out in front. Final score: Illinois 25, Michigan 6.

¶ Trying hard to make up for the loss of its passing star, Royce Flippin, Princeton matched touchdown passes with a surprisingly stubborn Harvard team, but lost by an extra point: Harvard 7, Princeton 6.

Dirty Work at Calcutta

Progress was creeping up on Long Island's famed old Deepdale Golf Club. The ranch homes of well-heeled suburbia were already encamped on its borders; soon its green and rolling acres would be split by the broad scar of an express highway. It was time to move on. But before their old bar was closed, before the silver trophies were packed for shipment, Deepdale's members decided to hold one more tournament on the trim fairways that have known such diverse golfers as William K. Vanderbilt and Dwight Eisenhower, Bing Crosby and Bobby Jones.

So last September Deepdale organized a "Calcutta" competition. Amateur sportsmen not averse to gambling \$1,000 or so



United Press
TOURNAMENT WINNER HELMAR
Who asked the man from the laundry?

on a friendly game of golf scurried for invitations. Among them was Richard L. Armstrong, a Manhasset (N.Y.) investor and member of the nearby Sands Point Club. At a tournament dinner before the teams teed off, Armstrong just happened to be seated at the same table with a pair of visiting golfers named William Roberts and Richard Vitali. Roberts, who claimed a 17-stroke handicap (along with his partner's 18), seemed strangely confident. No one knew anything about him, but there was a rumor running around the club that he had burned up the course on a practice round a few days before.

Armstrong, at any rate, organized a syndicate (of which he owned 60%) and bought the Roberts-Vitali team for \$1,128.30. Later, he put the two strangers

¶ A popular form of gambling on golf, in which players are auctioned off to the highest bidder, all payments going into a pot that is split between "owners" of the winners.

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up for the night, paid their entrance fee, lent them a Lincoln convertible, helped them out with a little pocket money, and was even kind enough to take care of their caddie fees. They responded by winning the tournament with net scores of 57 and 58, a total of 27 under par.

No Gentlemen. Deepdale's President M. Dorland Doyle, a Manhattan advertising executive, who even in his best days never shot better than 94, began to wonder about such uncommonly fine scores handed in by such high-handicap players. He checked the entry list and discovered that Winner Vitali belonged to no recognized club where his handicap could be checked. He tried to hold up payment of the winners' prize money, but was overruled by his tournament committee. No golfing gentlemen, they argued, would participate in a fraud.

Armstrong's syndicate collected \$16,106.93. Before the cash was divided, Golfer Roberts announced that he himself had bought a 50% share. He had left the check, he said, on the seat of Armstrong's car. Armstrong went out to explore. Sure enough, the check was there. Other members of the syndicate asked to see it, promptly recognized something that Armstrong, a former vice president of Bankers Trust Co., had failed to notice: the check was unsigned. Still, they felt so flush that they agreed to give Roberts 25% of their winnings (\$4,026.73)—minus, of course, some \$300 that Armstrong had already lent to the visitors.

Less than a week later, Club President Doyle received a phone call from West Springfield, Mass. Charles Helmar, a carpet factory worker and Springfield public links champion, wanted to explain that he had been Roberts' partner in the Deepdale Calcutta. He had used the name Vitali, said Helmar, because Roberts had said that his partner Vitali was sick and the stunk would do no harm. Roberts had offered Helmar \$100 for playing along and had never paid. Both of them, said Helmar, were actually three-handicap golfers.

No Charity. Asked for an explanation, Roberts—a part-time laundry employee in Amherst, Mass.—first claimed he had received no money, later said that whatever he had won he had already spent. As a matter of fact, it turned out that he had deposited the money to his account in a Holyoke bank.

Last week Club President Doyle was still trying to discover how Roberts' name got on the Deepdale invitation list. No one admits to knowing him. Doyle also asked that all winners return their profits so that the money could be donated to charity. All except Armstrong and Roberts have said they will comply. Entrepreneur Armstrong insists that to do so would be an admission of taking part in the conspiracy. What's more, he does not like the idea of Deepdale club telling him how much he should donate to charity. Saddened, Deepdale intends to keep dogging Roberts until he returns his winnings and tells on his fellow conspirator—the man who got him his invitation.

Iron Man

One summer afternoon in 1890, a gawky farm hand named Denton True Young came down from the Ohio hills to try out as a pitcher for the Canton baseball team of the Tri-State League. He had no uniform, and the Canton manager did not even bother to use a catcher. One of the team's best batters simply stood in front of the grandstand, and the kid started firing the ball past him. The batter never got a piece of it, and the big farmer's fast ball almost tore up the grandstand backboard. "Looks like a cyclone hit it," said the Canton manager. "Cyclone" Young had earned a nickname and a place in organized ball.

That summer Cy Young pitched 26 full games and finished ten others. A little later the league folded, and Canton's



United Press

THE PEERLESS CY YOUNG
Traded for a new suit of clothes.

owner got a new suit of clothes for trading Cy to Cleveland, then in the National League.

No Fancy Stuff. Even in that era of iron men, the 6 ft. 2 in., 210 lb, fireballer was a standout. In 22 years divided between Cleveland, St. Louis and Boston in the National League, and Boston and Cleveland in the American League, he started in 874 games and won 511. Cy always claimed that he had won 512; either way his record is still unbroken. Unbroken also is his record of appearing in a total of 906 games, his lifetime pitching average of .619, his losing record of 315, and the astonishing record of 23 consecutive hitless innings he pitched in 1904. In 14 seasons he won 20 or more games; for five seasons he won more than 30. Only the late great Walter Johnson, who fanned 3,497 batters in his lifetime, broke Cy's strike-out mark of 2,836. In 1904, pitching for Boston against Philadelphia, Cy became the third pitcher in

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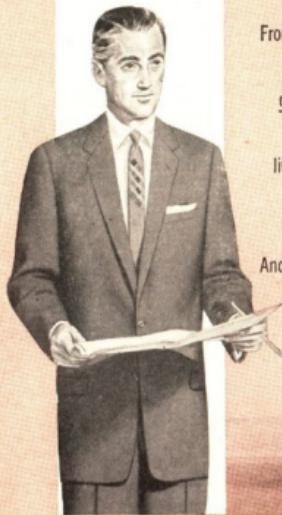
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As a big-league ball player, Cy never earned more than \$2,500 a season, but he thought nothing of working in both halves of a double header. He never bothered much with fancy stuff—never threw a spitter even though it was legal, never relaxed with a change of pace. He relied on his fast ball and a variety of tricky curves.

The Boys Are Bunting. No matter how often he pitched, Cy Young could always hold his own with the best of his day. Rube Waddell of the old Athletics, Cleveland's Addie Joss, Ed Walsh of the White Sox, Amos Rusie of the Giants, Washington's Walter Johnson—sooner or later, Cy Young matched them all. In 1911 when he played for Boston, Cy's rubber right arm was still strong, but his legs were slowing down. "The boys are bunting on me," he said. "When the third baseman has to start doing my work, it's time to quit."

So Cy Young retired to his farm near Peoli, Ohio. For a short, sad period in the 1930s, he hit the road again with a team of baseball has-beens, playing the tank towns for coffee and cake. It was a losing effort from the start. In 1937, he was elected to baseball's Hall of Fame. After that Cyclone Young was content—and he was really retired.

The mail he got from his fans and old cronies was all that kept the little post office of Peoli going. It was enough to keep Cy Young's memories of baseball alive until he died in his rocking chair last week at the age of 88.

Scoreboard

¶ Beginning early in an effort to rejuvenate a last-place ball club, the Pittsburgh Pirates named ex-Dodger Bobby Bragan, 37, to replace Manager Fred Haney, fired at the end of this year's disastrous season. An infielder who switched to catching while playing with the Phillies in 1942, Bragan moved to the Dodgers in 1943 and hung on until 1948. Since then, he has been a minor-league manager in Fort Worth and Hollywood.

¶ Little (110 lbs.) Willie Hartack, the year's leading jockey, turned in one of the season's flashiest performances on Maryland's Laurel race track. In an eight-race program, Willie booted home six winners, including Rhy Dress, which galloped home second in the \$12,816 Maryland Futurity but was awarded first on a foul.

¶ Firing from 75 ft. at a bull's-eye only 1½ inches wide, White House Policeman William S. Crawford scored 289 points out of a possible 300 to win the William Randolph Hearst international pistol tournament and earn a letter of commendation from Dwight D. Eisenhower, the man whose life his marksmanship is meant to protect.

* The others, before him, John Lee Richmond and John Ward in 1880; since Young: Adrian Joss, 1905, Ernest Shore, 1917, Charles Robertson, 1922.



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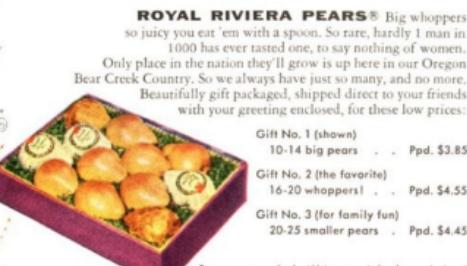
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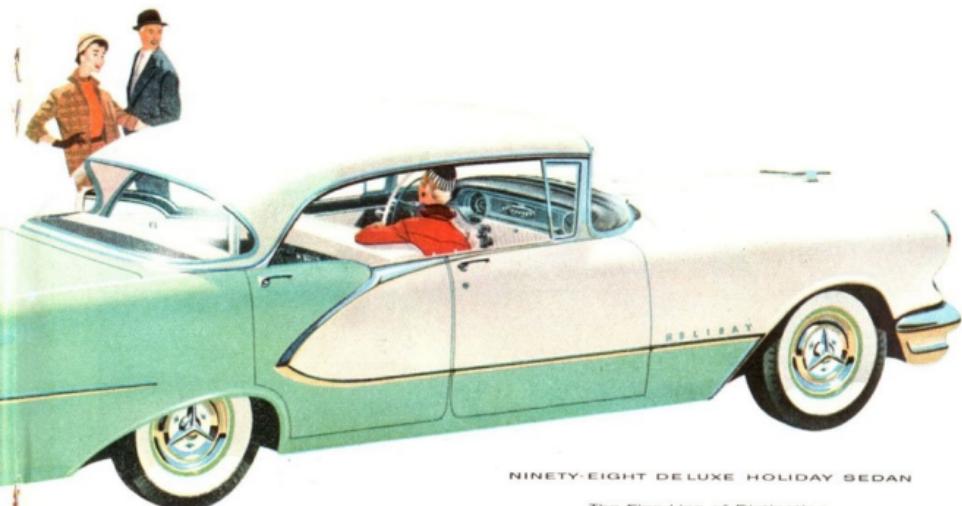
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MUSIC

Revival

In a contest for the title of the world's greatest opera house, Vienna would probably lose to Milan's La Scala, and might have strong competition from New York's Metropolitan. But Vienna is the heart of Operaland, not only because it was an artistic home to generations of music's greats from Mozart to Richard Strauss, not only because it has devoutly performed opera for more than 300 years through occupation, war and famine, but because in a sense, all Vienna is an opera stage. The baroque palaces no longer signify military power or proud aristocracy—they look like sets waiting for lights and music. The Viennese feel that they have lost just about everything except

(TIME, June 13) had been fitted with an underpass and Vienna's first escalators, which contributed their share of excitement (INTERNATIONAL PREMIÈRE WITH ESCALATORS AND FIDELIO headlined one Vienna tabloid). Nearly streets sprouted new arc lights and fresh flowers. Not in years had Vienna's women had a similar occasion for dressing up; archducal and bourgeois jewelry alike came out of hock or hiding. Demel's, Vienna's calorie-proud confectioner, combined Austria's two major treasures—music and food—in an exhibition of sugar figurines representing notable Vienna opera greats, e.g., soprano Maria Jeritza, Lotte Lehmann, Vera Schwarz.

Vienna's ancient operatic tradition is less sugary than Demel's. Not since the



United Press

REBUILT VIENNA STATE OPERA HOUSE
All the town's a stage, and all the players pals.

their musical tradition, and that is why last week's reopening of Vienna's State Opera House had the city in a whirl of emotion.

Somewhere the emotion spread to people elsewhere who care about music. Local newspapers were disappointed that Queen Elizabeth, Greta Garbo and Aly Khan were not on hand, but they took comfort from the presence of Secretary of State Dulles. Composer Dmitry Shostakovich, Conductor Bruno Walter, Industrialists Henry Ford II and Harvey S. Firestone Jr. Above all, the city which can name no less than 28 houses in which Beethoven lived, glories in the opening-night work: *Fidelio*, Beethoven's only opera, which had had its première exactly 150 years before in occupied Vienna (at that time the occupying armies were Napoleon's).

Special Mellowness. For months before last week's opening, Vienna had been under a kind of siege. The intersection at the brightly refurbished opera building

Magic Flute (1791) has Vienna witnessed the première of a major opera by an Austrian composer, but under such directors as Gustav Mahler, Richard Strauss, Clemens Krauss, it provided a unique climate for performance, fusing Italian fire, Teutonic thunder and Slavic melancholy into a mellowness all its own. For years, Vienna considered itself Richard Wagner's second Bayreuth; it took Bizet's *Carmen* and Massenet's *Manon* to its heart after Paris had cold-shouldered them.

Opera stars seemed personal friends—or foes—of everyone in town. Once, when Contralto Maria Olzewska spat upon Maria Jeritza during a performance of Wagner's *Die Walküre*, partisans were close to rioting in cafés all over Vienna. Even while the war-gutted opera house was being slowly rebuilt during the past decade, Vienna managed to put on 600 opera performances a year in other houses (the Met stages about 200, including tours). And the Vienna telephone com-



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pany offers each day's opera bill, with recorded excerpts.

Special Aptness. On opening night last week, some 30,000 Viennese crowded against police lines around the opera, listening to *Fidelio* through loudspeakers. Inside, the work's gloomy sets and stern plot seemed hardly a match for the festive occasion, but the audience cheered the triumphant aptness of its subject: freedom. Of the stars, Bass-Baritone Paul Schoeffer as Don Pizarro was a standout; Soprano Martha Moell as Leonore was more effective dramatically than vocally. The orchestra, conducted by Opera Director Karl Böhm, won six salvos of applause after it played the famous *Leonore Overture No. 3*.

When it was all over, Viennese were sure they had staged the musical event of the year.

American in Paris

Just about the most popular entertainer in France today is an American whom nobody in his own country ever found very entertaining, with the possible exception of some small children. He is Eddie Constantine, 38, and he is currently wowing them from the Place de l'Étoile in Paris to the Canebière in Marseille with a hit movie, the latest of several hit records, and swoon-producing personal appearances. He expects to gross \$600,000 this year, which is pretty good for a performer who only ten years ago could not have filled the Old Empire Beer Garden in Hoboken, with free beer thrown in.

Show for Baby. Eddie's father was a music-loving costume-jewelry maker in Providence who scraped together enough money in 1933 to send his 16-year-old son to the Vienna conservatory. Two years later, Eddie returned to New York, but could not even sing up a good supper, let alone rent; at one point he was sleeping in Central Park. As a last resort, he joined up with a vocal quintet that played second-class movie and burlesque houses. To supplement their meager take, the members sometimes rented advertising space on the backs of their costumes; at the end of the act the quintet would about-face and reveal plugs for a local line of baby clothes or strawberry jam.

Then Eddie drifted to Hollywood, and he still treasures the few friendly gestures that came his way there, e.g., Johnny (Tarzan) Weissmuller got him a job singing a friend's baby to sleep every night. The baby loved his act.

While doing chorus work and singing commercials in New York, Eddie married Helene Musil, a ballet dancer, and followed her to Paris. There she made a success while he spun in the same old luckless groove.

Eddie's break came five years ago, when Chanteuse Edith Piaf decided that his craggy face, husky build and American accent fitted him for the role of a gangster in her music hall revue. "She taught me about singing," he says. By good luck and some whacking exaggerations about his American experience, he next broke into the French movies, where he became



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a smash in American tough-guy roles. In a remarkable bit of legerdemain, he transferred his popular film personality to his singing style, mixing toughness and sentiment. Onstage he wears a sharply cut suit and sings in (passable French) from a boxer's stance in a wide-open baritone. "I'm just about everything Europeans instinctively admire about Americans," he admits.

A Dot for the I. Eddie Constantine's latest record is *L'Homme et l'Enfant*, in which he sings sentimental answers to a



Robert Cohen—AGIP

EDDIE & TANIA CONSTANTINE
Did you cry when you were a child?

little girl's childish questions—the little girl being his eleven-year-old daughter Tania. Translation:

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the earth is round.
If this is true, the bluebird,
where in the world is he? . . .*

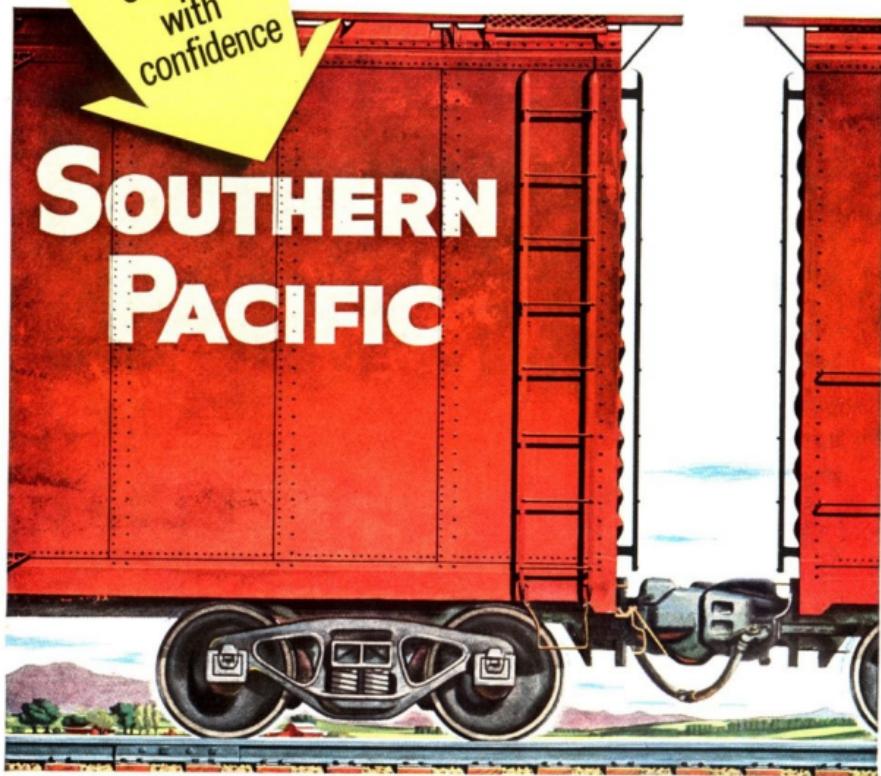
Eddie: *My child, my child, it is true, the
earth is round,
And for a long time I have
searched for the bluebird in
the world.
Like you, I cried, while holding
out my arms.
But for you, I'm sure he will
come one beautiful day.*

The recording is pushing 200,000 sales, a hit of major proportions in France.

Nobody has been able to explain Eddie's sudden success beyond the fact that he somehow sounds much better in French than in English. French women regard him as a sort of combination Humphrey Bogart and Bing Crosby. Some of the girls dream that he will drag them by the hair to his champagne-stocked cave, while others like to weep at his middle-aged, father-daughter sentiments. Most of his audiences, as a French magazine puts it, simply like to think of him as the fellow who dots the "i" in the verb *aimer*.

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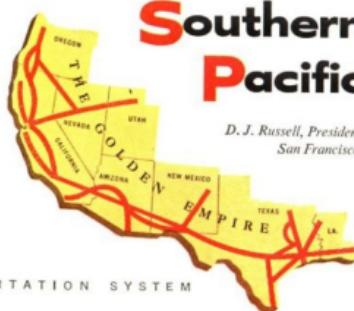


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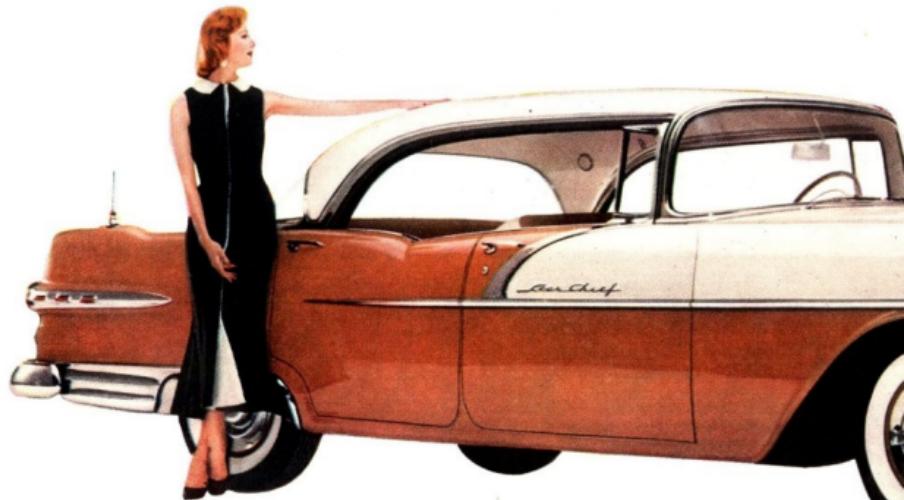


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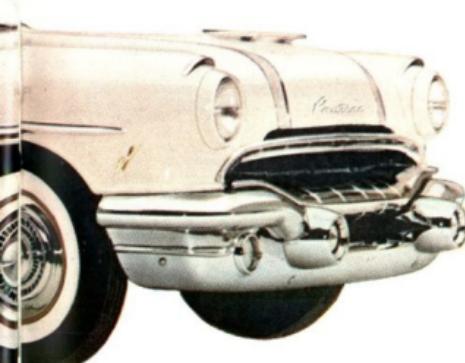
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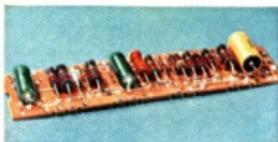
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RELIGION

Gideon Withdrawn

The government of Prime Minister Johannes Strydom, devout member of the Dutch Reformed Church, preaches *apartheid* in the name of Christianity, but South Africa's Anglican and Roman Catholic clergy have taken a firm stand against government policy. More than anyone else, one man symbolized this opposition. He went into the slums to comfort black Africans hounded by the police. He threatened to close down his mission school for Africans rather than let the government impose a second-class curriculum. He became *apartheid's* most formidable adversary. Last week the Rev. Trevor Huddleston, provincial of the Anglican Community of the Resurrection in South Africa, was under orders to return to England in January to become novice master at his community's house in Yorkshire.

DON'T LEAVE US, FATHER, streamed the *Golden City Post*, the Union's biggest newspaper for blacks. Groups of blacks petitioned Anglican authorities to have the transfer rescinded. Huddleston's withdrawal, said Anglican Bishop Richard Ambrose Reeves of Johannesburg, was one of the heaviest blows yet suffered by South Africa's nonwhites. Said the London *Daily Mirror*: "It is as if Gideon, about to overthrow the altars of Baal, had suddenly been withdrawn to grow watermelons."

The natural conclusion: Father Huddleston was being recalled because his superiors thought he had gone too far in his opposition to Baal. After the Archbishop of Canterbury visited South Africa last spring and spoke out against too rapid desegregation, Father Huddleston condemned his view as "a false impression . . . that will lull Christians into apathy." Last week Huddleston's superiors denied



Bettmann Archive

JOAN OF ARC AND JUDGES AT ROUEN
A good girl and pure—and a devilish nuisance.

that he was being transferred under pressure. Father Huddleston merely said: "I am very sad, but in a religious community, one is under a vow of obedience."

Delighted to be rid of him at last, the Nationalist government permitted Trevor Huddleston to preach his last major sermon over a national broadcasting hookup, but warned him not to discuss politics. He delivered a strong indictment of the government, and called *apartheid* "blasphemy" and "refusal of God's plan and purpose." That was not politics, he later told angry government officials, but simple Christianity.

Anglicans in South Africa who hope to maintain a united front on moral issues such as *apartheid* had another problem last week: a squabble between the Union's two Anglican church bodies. When the Church of the Province of South Africa was established in 1870 as the official Anglican Church, a small group of dissatisfied Anglicans with evangelical leanings continued separately, calling themselves the Church of England in South Africa. For more than 70 years the smaller church has wanted a bishop of its own, but the regular Anglican Church refused to provide one. Last August the dissidents finally decided to get a bishop on their own initiative, elected George Frederick Bingley Morris, retired Anglican Bishop of North Africa, and installed him in Johannesburg. Faced with schism, the Archbishop of Canterbury warned Morris to withdraw or be considered excommunicated. Morris's answer did not sound as if he intended to give up his bishopric. He threatened to sue the Archbishop of Canterbury for libel and appeal the whole case to the Crown.



Alan Peake—Life
FATHER HUDDLESTON IN AFRICA
Loud and firm—and obedient.

Saint Revisited

Late in the afternoon of May 23, 1430, a Burgundian archer in the service of the English captured a hard-fighting soldier of the King of France and took his prisoner back to camp. Had he captured half the French army, his commanders would have been no happier. Stripped of armor, the soldier was seen to be a handsome, well-knit girl of 18 with short-cropped dark hair. For Jeanette d'Arc of Domrémy, who had given Charles VII his throne and whipped his English enemies with astonishing consistency, there now began one of the classic heresy trials of Christian history. That trial, held in Rouen (Feb. 21-May 31, 1431) under Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, is now a familiar story. Far less familiar is a second trial that, 10 years later, resurrected the ashes of the burn heretic and transformed her into a heroine.

It was this second trial, in which Joan's former judges and their associates were themselves, in effect, the accused—though many of them were dead by then—that made possible her sure but slow acceptance as a Roman Catholic saint (she was finally canonized in 1920). The rehabilitation trial is now again brought to light by Régine Pernoud, chief archivist of the Museum of French History (*The Retrial of Joan of Arc*; Harcourt, Brace; \$4.75). The record, on the whole, backs popular opinion, which regards the judges who sent Joan to the stake as villains. It speaks of English bribery and pressure, Joan's imprisonment in a secular rather than an ecclesiastical prison, her lack of counsel, her inability to get an appeal through to Pope Eugene IV. The Rouen trial was full of inconsistencies and irreg-



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ularities, e.g., after Joan made her famous "abjuration" renouncing her "errors," she was sentenced to life imprisonment, and what actually brought her to the stake was her return to men's clothes after she had promised to give them up. Though condemned as a "relapsed heretic," she was permitted to receive the last sacraments, and at the very end, the secular judges failed to pass formal judgment.

Yet the main interest of this study lies not in its evidence against Joan's judges, but in the evidence it presents on the character of a remarkable saint.

The Witnesses. The rehabilitation tribunal (formed partly on the instigation of Charles VII, who did not like to have it said that he had received his crown from a heretic) moved from place to place along the route that Joan herself had followed. Everywhere, it examined witnesses. Many of them were obviously as biased for her as her tormentors two decades before had been against her. Nevertheless, the record of their testimony brings together in a fascinating way the great and little figures who came in contact with Joan, and they tell about her in their own words, perhaps edited by court scribes, but unfiltered by historians or playwrights.

PERRIN DRAPPIER, beadle of Domrémy: "Joan the Maid was a good girl, chaste, simple, and modest, all the years of her youth . . . When I did not ring for complin, Joan used to ask me why and scold me . . . She even promised me a present of wool if I would be regular in ringing . . ."

JEAN DE METZ, squire, one of the men who accompanied her to Chinon to see the Dauphin (later Charles VII): "I said to her, 'What are you doing here, my dear?' . . . and the Maid answered me: 'Before mid-Lent I must be with the King, even if I have to wear my legs down to the knees. For there is no one on earth, be he king or duke or the King of Scotland's daughter or anyone else, who can restore the kingdom of France, and he will have no help except through me.'"

SEGUN DE SÉGUIN, Dominican friar and theologian: "I asked her what tongue her voice spoke, and she answered, 'A better tongue than you do.' And I asked her again whether she believed in God. She answered, 'Yes, more than you do.'"

SIMON BEAUROIX, squire, one of her companions at arms: "She would never allow immoral women to come to the army and join the soldiers . . . She drove them away unless the soldiers were willing to take them for their wives."

THIBAULT D'ARMAGNAC, knight: "In disposing an army for battle and haranguing the soldiers, she behaved like the most experienced captain in all the world."

JEAN, COUNT OF DUNOIS, Bastard of Orléans: "When we were in her company, we had no wish or desire to approach or have intercourse with women. That seems to me to be almost a miracle."

HAIMOND DE MACY, knight: "I tried several times playfully to touch her breasts . . . She pushed me off with all her might. She was indeed a modest woman."

ISAMBART DE LA PIERRE, Dominican

friar: "The executioner . . . said to me that he greatly feared he was damned, for he had burnt a saint."

The Verdict. The tribunal, six years after the first testimony was taken, accomplished what it had set out to do: it formally found that Joan of Arc had been wrongfully condemned. And the record noted with satisfaction the evil fate that had befallen three of the chief figures in her trial: Bishop Cauchon died suddenly while a barber was trimming his beard, Canon Jean d'Estivet, the "promoter," i.e., prosecutor, disappeared mysteriously and his body was discovered in a gutter, and their right-hand man, Nicolas Midy, was stricken with leprosy.

Yet, while the tribunal cleared Joan of the charges of heresy and diabolic inspiration, it could not erase the fact that she was a devilish nuisance. She patronized kings and she lectured bishops. She set her private visions above the judgment of ecclesiastics. The record suggests that, very likely, even without English pressure and unjust judges, the fire would have been her inevitable end. For, unfortunately, saints have a way of being insufferable until they are good and dead.

Words & Works

¶ Christianity must purge itself of "accidental Western accessories" and of its feeling of uniqueness if it is to be accepted in the future, said Historian Arnold J. Toynbee at Manhattan's Union Theological Seminary. "We treat Christianity as if its virtue were not derived from being Christian, but from being Western . . . One can believe that one has received revelation without necessarily believing he has received exclusive revelation. Exclusive-mindedness is one of the most fatal sins . . . the sin of pride . . . I suggest that we recognize all higher religions as revelations of what is good and right."

¶ An eight-month controversy between the U.S.S.R. and the U.S. ended when the Soviet government issued a visa to the Rev. Louis F. Dion of Worcester, Mass., a Roman Catholic Assumptionist priest, who will replace a fellow Assumptionist expelled by the Soviets in March (TIME, March 14). Father Dion will minister to American Catholics in Moscow. Less than 24 hours after his visa was issued, the U.S. granted a visa to Archbishop Boris of the Russian Orthodox Church, who was forced to leave the U.S. earlier this year when his temporary visa expired.

¶ In Mobile, Ala., Dr. Frederick H. Olert, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church in Richmond, Va., raised a religious storm by telling a Reformation Day gathering that "the Roman Catholic Church is not at home in America. It wants to make this country predominantly a Roman Catholic country. [It] can and will win America unless Protestants heal their divisions and get together." Retorted the Very Rev. Andrew C. Smith, Jesuit president of Alabama's Spring Hill College: "If there ever was a time when all Christians ought to stand together, regardless of recognized differences, this seems to be the hour . . ."

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MEDICINE

Oscars for Health

During the past nine years, 51 medical pioneers and 16 medical groups—responsible for wide areas of public health or working on diseases that are the commonest causes of death—have received gold copies of the Victory of Samothrace plus \$1,000 in cash. These medical Oscars are the tokens of the annual, prestigious Lasker Awards, founded by the late Advertising Magnate Albert D. Lasker and his wife Mary and awarded by the American Public Health Association. Of the 51 individual recipients so far, seven have gone on to win Nobel Prizes.* Announced last week were the tenth-year winners: ¶ Biochemist Karl Paul Link, 54, University of Wisconsin, discoverer of di-

¶ The nursing services of the U.S. Public Health Service, Bethesda, Md. (specifically, Lucile Petry Leone, Pearl McIver and Margaret Arnstein), for leadership in public-health nursing.

¶ Four tuberculosis researchers and two drug houses (Drs. Walsh McDermott, Carl Muschenheim, Edward Robitsek and Irving Selikoff; Hoffman-La Roche Research Laboratories and Squibb Institute for Medical Research), for pioneering with isoniazid.

A Grip on Grippe

The distressful ailments known to laymen as colds, grippe, flu and viral pneumonia make up a spectrum of illnesses for which doctors have long had fancier names but no cures and mostly so-so vac-



International

MARY LASKER WITH AWARD WINNERS LILLEHEI & LINK
Common cause against death's commonest causes.

coumarin, an anti-clotting drug, for fundamental contributions to knowledge of blood-clotting.

¶ Virologist Robert Davies Defries, 56, University of Toronto, for leadership in preventive medicine—his laboratories brewed most of the virus used in the Salk 1954 polio vaccine, made the bulk of Canada's 1955 vaccine.

¶ Surgeon Clarence Walton Lillehei, 35, University of Minnesota, and three colleagues, for cross-circulation and other techniques allowing safer surgery inside the heart (TIME, May 10, 1954 and April 4, 1955).

¶ Psychiatrists Karl A. and William C. Menninger, of Topeka, Kans., for pioneering in improved care of mental patients.

cines. Last week the U.S. Public Health Service announced a breakthrough in the campaign against these assorted "upper respiratory infections": a vaccine that appears to be effective against a common one, Type 3, in the grippe family.

The vaccine was made by the same process as the Salk polio vaccine, using formaldehyde to inactivate the virus. The virus is one of the group that doctors ponderously call adenoidal-pharyngeal-conjunctival (from the tissues it attacks), or APC* for short. This particular APC virus causes sore throat, eye inflammation, and a fever lasting about five days.

The vaccine has given some immunity against the virus infection to 75% of convicts—volunteers so far tested. Probable next step: tests this winter on 10,000 Army volunteers. However, a vaccine against only one of the 13 known, closely

* Not to be confused with the common analgesic tablets, aspirin-phenacetin-caffiene.

related viruses would have no value for general prescription use, so the researchers have high hopes that they will soon achieve similar success with two of its kin, Types 4 and 7. Then a polyclonal vaccine would be practicable. But PHS researchers sadly admit that there is still nothing in sight of any earthly use to ward off the common cold.

Cancer: Up or Down?

At the American Cancer Society's annual meeting in Manhattan last week, Statistician E. Cuyler Hammond posed a question: "Are we battering our heads against a stone wall—an insurmountable barrier?" On the basis of crude figures, he reported: "We are faced with a frustrating fact. Ten short years ago, 177,000 Americans died of cancer. This year it is estimated that 243,000 Americans will die of this disease."

Statistician Hammond (TIME, June 13) was quick to point out that a lot of cancer figures can be misleading. Up to 1930, some of the apparent increase was due to improvements in diagnosis and in the reporting system. Since 1930, the overall cancer death rate among males has risen from 115 to 146 per 100,000 in a year, but this is due almost entirely to the explosive increase in lung cancer; in other forms of cancer the rate is virtually unchanged. Among women, the cancer death rate has actually decreased, from 141 in 1930 to 133 in 1950.

Since cancer is mainly a disease of the second half of life (95% of cases are among people over 35), Hammond made no bones about the growing problem: "In 1900 there were only 23 million Americans 35 years of age and over. Today there are 70 million. [In 1965] there will be 81 million, and [in 1975] at least 86 million. Thus no matter how successful the [cancer control] program may be, the magnitude of the problem will increase. If death rates continue at exactly the present level, the annual cancer death toll will rise to 288,000 within ten years. What is worse, if lung-cancer death rates increase at the present tempo, 366,000 Americans will die of cancer in 1965. Can we prevent this from coming true?"

Statistician Hammond hopefully answered his own question: "One-third of all those who die of cancer could be saved by methods known to us now." If this is accomplished in the next ten years and lung cancer is controlled, only 173,000 will die in 1965. But, said Hammond, there is a big if: these lives can be saved only if physicians apply present knowledge with maximum effectiveness. And what doctors can do depends basically on what cancer victims do—how soon they go for examinations when they have suspicious symptoms, how soon they have an operation after it is recommended, and what kind of operation they agree to.

Other cancer facts and figures discussed at the meeting:

¶ Cancer of the cervix is now curable in 75% of cases (some say 100%) when treated promptly after the first symptoms appear, but the actual cure rate now is



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closer to 40% because too many women ignore the early danger signals.

¶ Cancer of the rectum is 70% curable, 20% cured; of the larynx, 80% and 15%; of the mouth, 65% and 30%.

¶ Breast cancer, the commonest form among Western women,⁶ has been the subject of the most intensive danger signal and self-examination campaigns. It is also a cause of disagreement among doctors trying to judge the value of surgery in some types of cases. In particular, the effectiveness of the most radical operation for advanced breast cancer cannot yet be gauged because it is too new—doctors will not speak of cures until patients have survived at least five years. But analysis of thousands of cases shows that if breast cancer is operated on before the disease has spread to the armpit, the chance of cure is twice that in later operations. Experts put the figure at 70%; in some medical centers it is higher still.

¶ Lung cancer is the runaway villain. New York State (outside New York City) has about the world's best-kept records on it, reports that in 20 years the rate has zoomed 505% in men, 55% in women. Among men, this was the only cancer rate to go up, and the increase was enough to boost the overall male cancer rate by 21%. Among women the overall rate dropped 16%. Connecticut reports that five-year cures of all cancers increased by about two-thirds in 15 years. The 1950 rates: 20% among men, 32% among women. Today's U.S. cure rates are estimated at 25% to 30%.

Capsules

¶ Surgeons at Boston's Peter Bent Brigham Hospital gave a glowing progress report on the first human being to receive a successfully transplanted kidney: Richard Herrick, 24, who got one from his

* Though less so, apparently, among those who nurse their babies.

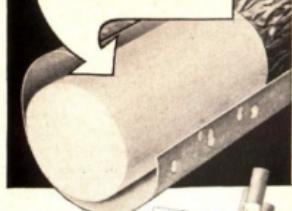


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ART



GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM

BRANCUSI'S "ADAM AND EVE"

Master of Form

Romanian-born Constantin Brancusi is one of the 20th century's great sculptors, but only now, at 79, is he getting his first comprehensive one-man show in a major museum. For the event, Manhattan's Guggenheim Museum assembled 59 of his works in gleaming brass, rough-hewn wood and egg-smooth marble (*opposite*). Included are seven pieces never before seen in the U.S., lent by the sculptor from his tumble-down Paris studio where he has lived and worked for the past 30 years. Although the sculpture ranges over four decades, from his turn-of-the-century, huddled female figure, almost Oriental in feeling, to his smooth-backed *Flying Turtle*, there is nothing dated. With its freshness and elegant simplicity, Brancusi's work still holds its own with any of today's modern sculpture.

Embossed Bird. Brancusi first burst on the U.S. scene when his work was shown at Manhattan's storied 1913 Armory Show. In 1927 he made art history when U.S. Customs decided that "metal," not "art," was the proper classification for his highly polished, curving brass column,

Bird in Space. The case, taken to court, became the most celebrated of its day, with newspapers deriding Brancusi's *Bird* as everything from a "lean banana" to a "white panatale cigar."

Artists and art lovers rushed to Brancusi's defense. Asked caustically if a good mechanic could not polish up a brass rail and pass it off as art, Sculptor Jacob Epstein replied: "He can polish it up, but he cannot conceive of the object. That is the whole point." The court agreed. Its decision: objects which portray abstract ideas (in this case, "flight"), rather than imitate natural objects, may be classified as art.

Why the Brouhaha? Brancusi's surprised reaction to the 1927 trial was: "Why do they make all this brouhaha? It is true that my work is no longer academic. It once was." Peasant-born Brancusi had first proved himself when he won a scholarship and became a prizewinning art student at Bucharest's School of Fine Arts. But he soon abandoned the academic approach: "In art school we study the past only in its decadent moments—that is, after the creative faith has died out of it." Brancusi went off to Paris, worked briefly with famed French Sculptor Rodin, then struck out on his own.

For Brancusi, the effort to find a new creative faith became an attempt to abstract from nature its essential form, extracting the suggested form from within the stone or wood itself. Said he: "I think a true form ought to suggest infinity. The surfaces ought to look as though they went on forever, as though they proceeded out from the mass into some perfect and complete existence."

Pure Joy. In his search for such forms, Brancusi drew his inspiration from the simplest biological forms, from the fairytale legends of his native Rumania and the early, crude but forceful sculpture of Egyptian, Indian and primitive Negro art. To depict *Adam and Eve* (*see cut*), Brancusi returned not to full-bloom Renaissance goddesses but to woman as a primitive symbol of fertility, and Adam as the product of his primitive tools, axed out of wood with a neck suggesting both a tree trunk and a wine press. In a narrow, smoothly polished pebble, Brancusi sees

the genesis of the fish form; expanded in his streamlined *Fish*, done in blue-grey marble, it becomes the prototype of all fish, hovering in space as if water were freshly washing past.

But like a canny peasant, Brancusi has always refused to be drawn too far into explaining his own work. He likes to say: "When one ceases to be a child, one is already dead." His advice to viewers is equally simple: "Don't look for obscure formulas or mystery. It is pure joy that I am giving you. Look until you see."

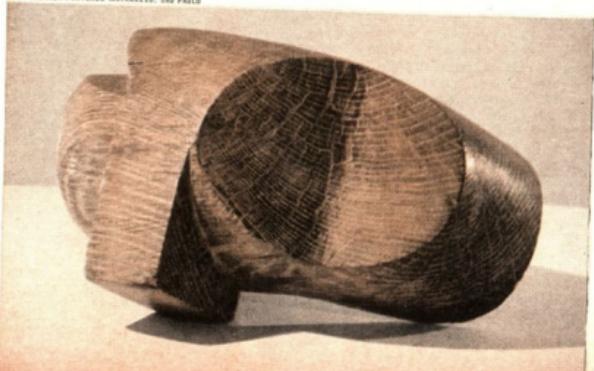
Sport in Art

Since the first cave man painted the animals he hunted on the walls of his cave, artists have been fascinated by the possibilities of sport in art. To prove that artists are still far from ignoring fun and games, the American Federation of Arts and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED have rounded up an exhibition of 102 paintings that show the artist as ardent admirer of the sportsman. The exhibit, previewed last week in Manhattan before its opening in Boston's Museum of Fine Arts, will travel cross-country to six other major museums before winding up in Australia in time for next year's Olympics.

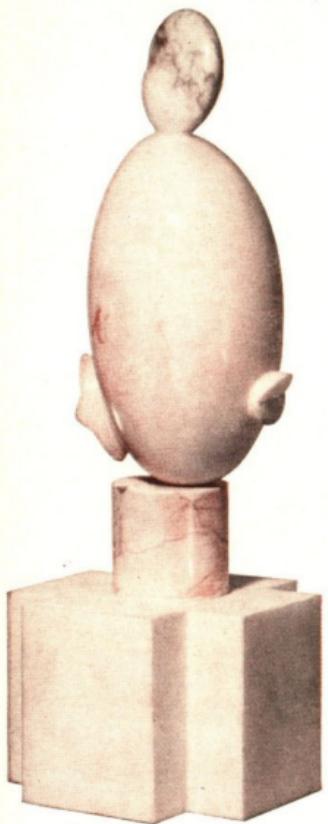
Tapping U.S. collections only, the exhibition turns up some unexpected contributions along with old favorites. Goya was a bull-ring *aficionado*. Winslow Homer, while covering the Civil War, took time out to paint Zouaves pitching quoits in camp. Philadelphia's Thomas Eakins painted scullers and wrestlers; George Bellows not only haunted the fight ring, painting boxing classics (*Dempsey and Firpo*), but also painted tennis at Newport and polo at Lakewood. In *Ground Swell*, Edward Hopper caught every yachtsman's thrill at passing the last buoy and heading seaward in a light breeze.

The show brings sports paintings up to date with Fletcher Martin's picture of Heavyweight Champion Rocky Marciano, bloody-nosed after the second Ezzard Charles fight. And with Elaine de Koonings' wild scramble titled *Basketball Players*, the show makes another surprising point: even some of the abstract expressionists are sport fans.

MRS. YOLANDA PENTEADO MATARAZZO, SAO PAULO



CARVED HEAD

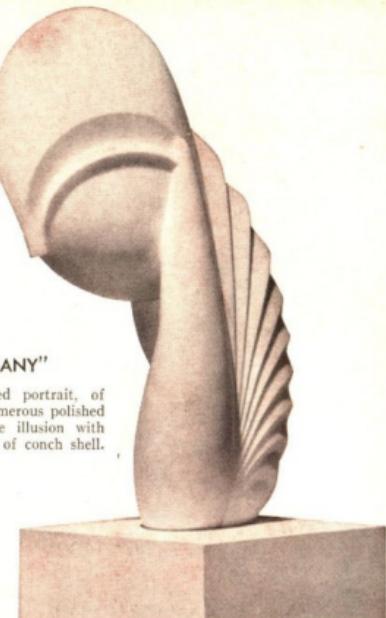


"WHITE NEGRESS"

Range of Brancusi's sculpture is shown by subtle merging in one abstraction of Hellenic material, Oriental elegance and a hint of the African idol.

"PENGUINS"

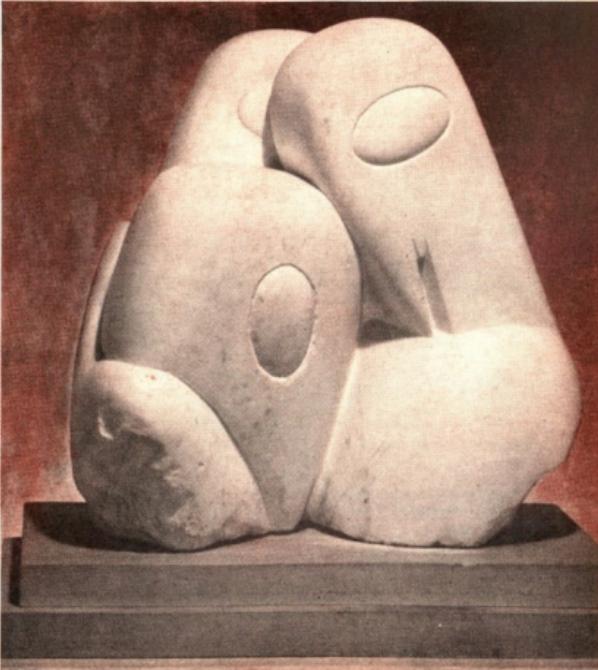
Peaceful, tenderly huddling birds were carved in Paris at start of World War I. Still partly enclosed in original block, they need no fuss and feathers to be convincing.



"Mlle. POGANY"

Suave, highly abstracted portrait, of which sculptor made numerous polished versions, creates lifelike illusion with whorl form reminiscent of conch shell.

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RADIO & TELEVISION

The Week in Review

Last year TV was having a crime wave; now it is waiving crime. Many a producer has proved to his dissatisfaction that, with stereotyped plots and persistently uniform characters, crime does not pay. But while a large number of crime shows have been canceled, a select few have survived and even been joined by a handful of new ones.

Alfred Hitchcock Presents (Sun. 9:30 p.m., CBS) is the naked title of one of the new crime shows, and the movie director with the fine hand for murder and mayhem should be recommendation enough for TV fans of terror and torment. Unhappily, the best part of the show is Hitchcock's own sardonic introductions of the sponsor ("And now for that part of the program you have all been waiting for") and his description of his TV spot (a series of "situation tragedies"). But his play last week was the tired tale about the girl who turns up in Paris during the Exposition with her mother and is terrified when her mother vanishes—whisked away, of course, because she has bubonic plague.

A survivor that continues to race along in a well-worn rut is *Dragnet* (Thurs. 9 p.m., NBC). Jack Webb's face is still stony, his voice still flat and he still says, "My name's Friday. I'm a cop." Last week he was after a confidence man (and caught him, of course, within the prescribed 26½ minutes). The story, like all *Dragnet* stories, was authentic. It proved that authenticity is something that a discriminating storyteller can overwork.

Two new crime shows, CBS's *Wanted* (Thurs. 10:30 p.m.) and *The Lineup* (Fri. 10 p.m.), follow the *Dragnet* pattern of sticking to fact, however stranger fiction may be. *Wanted* told the unhappy story of a sadistic wife-beater and general no-good, who accidentally killed a girl by running her down with his car. After being sentenced to a maximum ten years for manslaughter, he jumped bail and is now WANTED. The deplorable principle of the show was to portray the villain as so abhorrent that all viewers would ride along to the very end having a happy hate fest. *The Lineup* (starring Tom Tully and Warner Anderson) gets its material from the San Francisco police files, and that is where last week's story of an actor with a leaning toward armed robbery and mystifying disguises ought to remain.

The Vise (Fri. 9:30, NBC) makes no pretense at handling fact, nor does it seem very handy with fiction. It claims to tell stories of "people caught in the jaws of a vise, in a dilemma of their own making." Last week *The Vise* had a famous English actress meet a married real-estate agent in a small English town. Sample dialogue: "She: I'm in love with you. He: But you have the whole world at your feet. She: But it's you I want." She gets him. But then he gets her. It seems he is worried about his good name,



CRIME FANCIER HITCHCOCK
Long may it waive.

and to keep the actress from talking to his wife, he kills her—which doesn't help his good name any, when he is found out. *The Vise* describes this resolution as "the inexorable qualities of fate as it closes in on men and women when they attempt to tamper with destiny."

A couple of other crime shows came through with stories equally uninspired. In *Appointment with Adventure* (Sun. 10 p.m., CBS), an Italian mother (Lili Darvas) broods about the murder of her partisan son by the Germans, but instead of seeking revenge on the Germans, somewhat irrationally goes after the U.S. soldier who commanded her son's unit. In *Justice* (Sun. 10:30 p.m., NBC), a schoolteacher is framed by a tart and a fake cop, and pays blackmail until it is about time for the show to end. Then the schoolteacher rebels and the blackmailers get their comeuppance.

Program Preview

For the week starting Wednesday, Nov. 9. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

TELEVISION

U.S. Steel Hour (Wed. 10 p.m., CBS). Lillian Roth in *Outcast*.

George Gobel Show (Sat. 10 p.m., NBC). With Leo Durocher.

Wide, Wide World (Sun. 4 p.m., NBC). "A Sunday with Youth."

Ed Sullivan Show (Sun. 8 p.m., CBS). With Shirley Booth, Joyce Grenfell, Edith Piaf.

RADIO

This Is Moscow (Wed. 10:20 p.m., NBC). Reports on life in the U.S.S.R.

Adlai E. Stevenson (Fri. 9:30 p.m., ABC). Speaking on "Freedom for Man."

New York Philharmonic (Sun. 2:30 p.m., CBS). Music of Schumann, Mozart.

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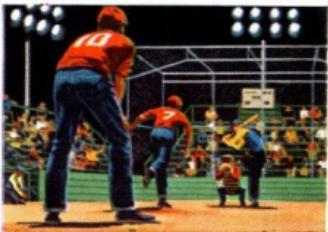
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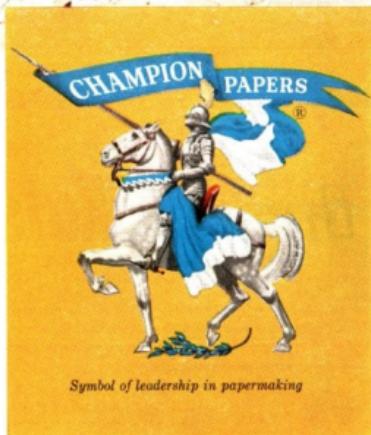
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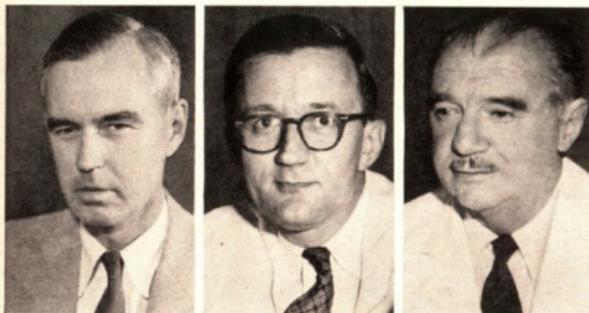
SCIENCE

Nobelmen

Dr. Vincent du Vigneaud of Cornell University Medical College had a rather harrowing experience with his Nobel Prize. A fortnight ago, the Associated Press reported from Sweden that he had won the medicine prize (TIME, Oct. 31). The report was promptly corrected, but not before Dr. du Vigneaud had heard it and rejoiced prematurely. When the news came last week that he had won the chemistry prize instead, the executive editor of the Associated Press, Alan J. Gould himself, called Dr. du Vigneaud to assure him that this was the real McCoy. Then Dr. du Vigneaud's colleagues dressed themselves in clean white lab coats and threw a party in the laboratory conference room,

in two "states," both with the same energy. Dr. Lamb was skilled in the use of microwaves, which have the property of adding small amounts of energy to atoms they hit. He shot microwaves through one "state" of hydrogen and turned it into the other "state." Since energy was absorbed in this transition, he had proved that the two states of hydrogen did not contain the same amount of energy. The difference was small but extremely important from the point of view of theory.

Working with a roughly similar method, Dr. Kusch proved that the "magnetic moment" (magnetic strength) of electrons spinning around atomic nuclei is .125% greater than had been believed. This small change, taken with the correction made



PRIZEWINNERS LAMB, KUSCH AND DU VIGNEAUD
The A.P. called twice.

which is decorated with a stuffed grey rooster that was used in a critical test of one of his theories.

Synthetic Hormone. After working for many years on the mixture of powerful hormones secreted by the pituitary gland at the base of the brain, Biochemist du Vigneaud succeeded in isolating oxytocin, which stimulates the uterus contractions of childbirth and starts the flow of milk. Then he took oxytocin apart and determined its chemical structure. Final step was to make it synthetically. This was an extremely difficult job, because oxytocin is a polypeptide, a protein-like compound made of eight amino acids, and probably the most complex substance ever synthesized. But Dr. du Vigneaud's synthetic hormone passed all tests, performing in living bodies exactly like the natural article.

Theoretical Upset. This year's physics prize also went to the U.S. It was shared by Drs. Willis E. Lamb Jr. and Polykarp Kusch, who worked independently on related problems at Columbia University. Between them they forced an important modification of atomic theory.

According to ideas prevailing when Dr. Lamb started work shortly after World War II, the hydrogen atom could exist

by Dr. Lamb, meant that the theoretical physicists would have to modify their basic ideas of atomic behavior.

For a while there was something like confusion on the upper levels of physics. But physicists enjoy this sort of confusion: it gives them a stimulating workout. Soon they found ways to reconcile—and reinforce—their theories with the Lamb and Kusch experiments. Both discoveries went into the general pool of scientific knowledge and had no immediate effect in practical applied physics. Said smiling Dr. Kusch last week: "You can peddle the patent rights for 13¢."

In the Beginning, H

Biggest of all big questions that scientists ask is: "How did the universe originate?" At last week's Pasadena meeting of the National Academy of Sciences, two Caltech professors, Astrophysicist Jesse L. Greenstein and Physicist William A. Fowler, took issue with the "big bang" theory of the birth of the universe. According to this theory, all the matter in the universe was once concentrated in a single dense mass consisting mostly of neutrons. Some of the neutrons disintegrated, forming protons and electrons. They joined with the protons and one



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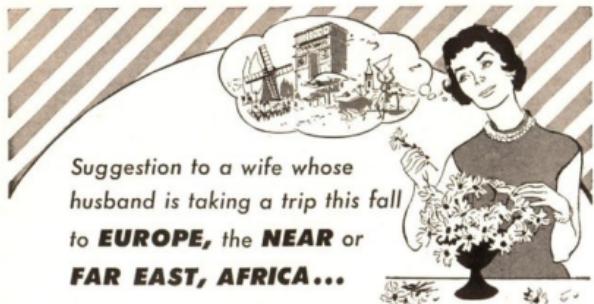
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another, forming heavier elements. The original nuclear reactions were complete in a few minutes, and they generated so much energy that the ylem (from Greek, original matter) blew up with cosmic vigor. The pieces flew apart. They are still flying apart today as the myriad galaxies of the expanding universe.

Rival cosmologists find many things wrong with this theory. They point out, for instance, that if all the chemical elements were formed during the first "big bang," all the stars that can be observed should be made of the same mixture of elements. This is not the case. Some stars are made almost entirely of hydrogen and helium, while others contain considerable amounts of middleweight and heavy elements. These must have been formed in some way that is not accounted for in the big bang theory.

Old Stars. Drs. Greenstein and Fowler, backed by a group of British cosmologists, believe that the universe was formed gradually out of a cloud of plain hydrogen over billions of years. Old stars that condensed first from the cosmic cloud were made entirely of hydrogen; there was nothing else to be made of. As nuclear reactions took place inside them, they turned partly into helium by fusion processes similar to those that generate the energy of hydrogen bombs. They also cooked up middleweight elements such as carbon and oxygen.

Since many stars shoot part of their material back into the space, the elements produced in the oldest stars became mixed in the general cloud of hydrogen. Therefore new stars that formed out of the cloud started with a different, more varied composition. The nuclear reactions inside them were different, too. They built up heavier elements and shot part of their product back into the cloud.

As his proof that this theory is not mere cosmos-dreaming, Dr. Greenstein told about a group of red giant stars that contain very heavy elements and are still producing them abundantly. Dr. Fowler traced in detail the stellar nuclear reactions that build heavy elements, step by step, out of the original hydrogen.

Young Sun. Since the earth is made mostly of middleweight and heavy elements, Dr. Greenstein believes that it and the sun (as well as the other planets) were formed fairly late in cosmic history, when the cosmic gas contained elements other than hydrogen. He thinks that the solar system may be something like a billion years younger than the universe.

Drs. Greenstein and Fowler did not tangle with the problem of where the original hydrogen came from, but their observations back to some extent the theory of "continuous creation." According to the "Cambridge cosmologists" of Britain, new hydrogen is still being created in space between the galaxies. As the galaxies recede from one another, new galaxies of stars are formed out of the new hydrogen. In this hypothesis, there is no problem of "first cause." The creation process is eternal; it has no beginning in time—and no end.



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EDUCATION

The Pioneers

One sunny morning last week 200 young men and women in faded khaki and blue denim uniforms filed into a warehouse on a barren hill west of the Formosan city of Taichung. They were there to begin their college education. Standing before piles of shipping crates, President Beauson Tseng, 61, welcomed them to a unique educational enterprise: Tunghai University, the first Christian university in Formosa's history.

Permanent Element. The academic ideal which came to life in last week's simple ceremony dates back to the end of the Japanese occupation of Formosa. At that time Protestant leaders in Formosa began to press for a Christian college

leave from his post as professor of English literature at Taiwan National University to take over at Tunghai.

Tunghai's first class was selected last summer on the basis of entrance exams that attracted 5,800 applicants. Some 55% of the students are Chinese from the mainland, the rest are Formosans. Men outnumber women 3 to 1. By 1958, at full enrollment, Tunghai hopes to level off at about 700-800 students, thus maintaining small classes and close student-teacher contact. Tunghai tuition, room and board is a still 1,400 Formosan dollars (\$38) a semester, but the college has liberal scholarship provisions.

Radical Innovation. Tunghai will consciously avoid imitating the mainland colleges in its educational program. The po-



Lawrence Chang

TUNGHAI UNIVERSITY FRESHMEN ON OPENING DAY
Political realities demand a break with tradition.

similar to the 13 Protestant colleges on the Chinese mainland, which were partially supported by church groups in the U.S. and England. By 1951 the mainland colleges had been sealed off by the Communists, and Formosan educational leaders, hoping to use some of the funds thus diverted, appealed to the body through which major Protestant support had been channeled: the United Board for Christian Colleges in China. In 1953 the Board agreed that "a Christian university should be a permanent element in Taiwan."

The city of Taichung contributed the 345-acre tract on which the university is located. Architect I. M. Pei of Manhattan's Webb & Knapp, himself a graduate of St. John's University in Shanghai, a mainland Christian college, drew up plans for three terraced college quadrangles and four dormitories of open design. The college's 35 faculty members include refugee mainlanders, Formosans and teachers from the U.S. President Tseng was given

political realities of modern Asia, President Tseng believes, demand an education that is both broader and more practical than that offered in the traditional Chinese university system. Tunghai students will get heavy doses of history, the classics, the social sciences. They will also be required to do some nonacademic labor (a radical innovation in the Orient, where intellectuals have traditionally regarded manual labor as degrading). Since Tunghai is located in rich farming land, the university may eventually establish a student farm that will supply its own needs, and perhaps sell to the community.

President Tseng believes that one of Tunghai's greatest strengths is its very experimental nature: having no precedent in Chinese education, it must learn as it goes along. Said he last week, looking across his growing campus—still only two dormitories and four classrooms set into the raw, red earth of the hillside: "Pioneering will be our watchword."

The Coated Pill

In early September 1949, few people in New York City could have looked forward to the future more eagerly than 21-year-old Joan Dunn. A graduate of The Bronx's College of Mount St. Vincent, she was beginning her career as a teacher of English, and as she walked toward the Brooklyn high school to which she had been assigned, she felt an "excitement in the air, that particular sharp-pencil, clean-copybook, brand-new-eraser crackle in the ether that made me walk a little faster." Four years later, Joan Dunn quit teaching forever. Last week she told why, in a new book called *Retreat from Learning* (McKay; \$3)—a disturbing glimpse of big-city high-school life at its worst, and an outraged indictment of modern educational theories from one who has seen them in action.

Author Dunn's complaint is not that she had to work too hard (often ten hours a day) or that she was paid too little (take-home pay of \$40 a week). She admired most of her colleagues and was deeply attached to many of her students. But somehow, from the first roll call each morning and the distribution of the various questionnaires that floated down from the upper bureaucracy ("Are there any defective electrical sockets in your home? Check Yes or No"), her day became a fight against exhaustion.

"So Who Cares?" All too often she found that her students had no desire to learn. Whatever wit they had, they directed mostly to thinking up excuses for being late ("I was dreamin' about ya, Mrs. Beal, an I didn't wanna wake up"), and finding ways to resist vocabulary drill ("So who cares? I say a word like dat an all my frens laugh at me. *Nobody* know what dat word means"). Almost every class had its sullen and defiant pupils who would yawn, lounge, drum, stamp, and wander about at will. Whether they worked or not, they knew that the law would keep them in school. Nor did they hesitate to tell "the teach" just what they thought of her. Such students, says Author Dunn, "know your exact place and sooner or later make it known to you. I once requested a student to take off his coat while in class, and he answered wittily: 'You can ask me to take off my jacket, but you can't tell me to.'"

To the girls in their tight slit dresses and the boys in custom-made pistol pants, the "school is a clubhouse, a place of amusement, a convenient place for getting cheap lunches, meeting friends." It is also the haven of the problem child, to whom some schools become completely geared. "He is petted, excused, and studied out of all proportion. He is the man of the hour, and he knows it . . . I think that many children made themselves problem children simply because they saw how important they could become."

"We Teach the Child." Author Dunn agrees that poverty, broken homes and indifferent parents must share the blame for the plight of the bad big-city school. But after four years, she also decided



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Walter Dunn

EX-TEACHER DUNN

The problem child is man of the hour, that the modern educational theories with which she had been in sympathy at first have been a wasteful failure. The experts talked an incessant stream of sentimental nonsense ("We don't teach the subject. We teach the child"). They spoke of the dangers of a "fixed curriculum," and of the necessity of making education "meaningful" by relating every subject to the children's interests.

Some thought that students should be in charge of their own discipline; others thought the pupils should manage the classwork. One teacher gave as an example of "brilliant and provocative teaching" a class in which his students had decided that Lincoln was a dictator. Another male teacher told Teacher Dunn that she would never be any good at discipline because she had gone to a parochial secondary school (a few months later he was beaten up in the cafeteria). When Teacher Dunn challenged some of these tenets in her night class at a local school of education, she was told that if she did not conform she would not get her degree.

"Don't Sign Anything." All in all, ex-Teacher Dunn paints a bleak picture of a top-heavy bureaucracy, riddled with chattering experts and with teachers deprived of authority and afraid to differ ("Don't ever sign anything," one teacher advised). For objective truth, the educationists had substituted the pragmatist's sliding scale; for discipline, student whim; for teaching, a catering to interests that were for the most part sex, noise and violence. "This new methodology," says Author Dunn, "has raised a breed of child afraid of no one, awed by no rule or regulation . . . School . . . has become [these children's] toy, and they cannot understand teacher's refusal to let them play with it . . .

"The prevailing idea regarding texts is that if one is too difficult, get an easier, more 'modern' one . . . The print gets

larger, the pictures more numerous, and I fear that the next and final development will be the substitution of pictures for words. Language faces a similar dissolution . . . And the niceties of thought will disappear with the words to express them and the books in which others have expressed them before. Unfortunately, many educators today are delighted with such developments, for they feel they are getting 'to the people' at last. It is rather the people who are getting at them, with the results that are to be expected . . . The educational level sinks to the lowest common denominator, and, ironically, no one benefits, not even the most ignorant, for he finds his ignorance accepted as the norm. All those more intelligent, those capable of being intellectually advanced, find formal education less and less of a challenge. I suggest that youth never knew that learning was such a bitter pill until it was so elaborately coated."

Report Card

¶ The 36-man New York State Committee for the White House Conference on Education issued its report on what it thinks the state must do in the years to come. By 1960 New York can expect an addition of some 713,000 students in all schools and colleges to the present total of 3,394,000. It will need at least 25,000 new classrooms, 51,000 public-school teachers, 10,000 college teachers.

¶ Warned Editor Jonathan W. Daniels of the Raleigh *News and Observer* at the University of Kentucky's annual education conference: "The most tragic proposal ever made in a presumably intelligent land is that the South solve the great public problem of desegregation by putting an end to public education—indeed, to all education so far as the overwhelming majority of the people are concerned . . . The anger of those who propose such drastic remedies . . . should be understood, too, as something beyond secession from the Union. What they urge is secession from civilization . . . No land indeed has ever been so clearly warned by its own past as to the fatal futility of flight from intellectualism as the American South . . . It is not doubtful, but a certainty, that a South which would determine to shut the doors of its schools would be ready also to close all the avenues of expression and enlightenment . . . Indeed, to a considerable extent, that is already happening."

¶ In memory of its famed alumnus, Sportswriter Grantland Rice ('01), Vanderbilt University announced that each year it will award a fat scholarship to the highschool student it thinks "the likeliest prospect in America to become a fine sportswriter." Financed by the Thoroughbred Racing Associations of the U.S., the scholarship will provide up to \$1,800 for school expenses plus \$500 for summer work in some phase of thoroughbred racing. Though Vanderbilt was not sure just how it would do the picking, it did make one stipulation: like Phi Beta Rice, the Rice of Tomorrow will take not journalism, but straight liberal arts.



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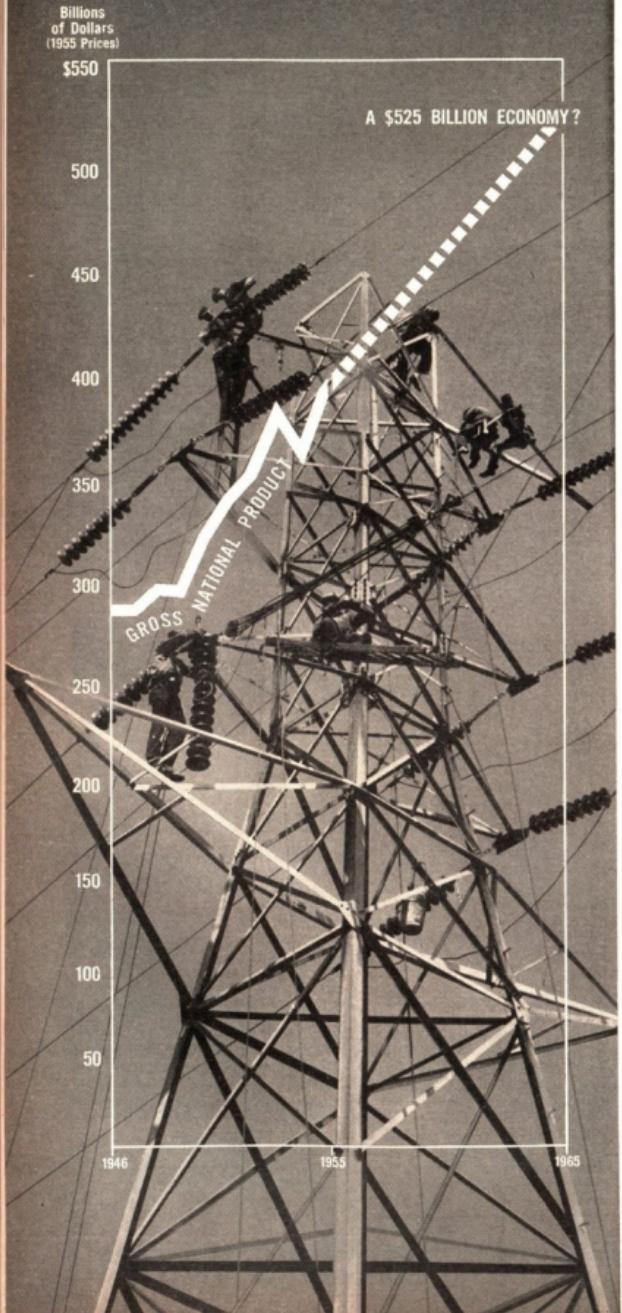
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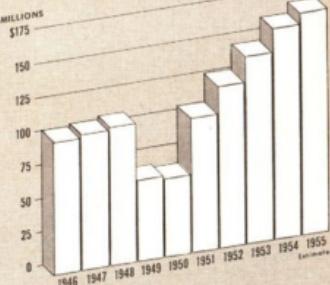
By 1965, there will be 192 million Americans—27 million more than there are today. Forecasts indicate they will demand 40% more goods and services than the country will produce in 1955, and we expect them to want twice as many electrical products.

These prospects are encouraging for the nation, but they are challenging, too: there is nothing automatic about prosperity. The \$525 billion economy possible in 1965 will be reached only if there continues to be bold, long-range planning and preparation. In our opinion, American businesses, large and small, have the judgment and initiative needed to meet the challenge.

General Electric, for example, has invested more than \$1 billion in plants and equipment since World War II—\$165 million in 1955 alone. On these pages are some of the steps we are taking to help provide the products, the jobs, and the standard of living hoped for in the next few years.



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Older plants have been improved. In locations where General Electric has had plants for many years—such as Lynn and Pittsfield, Mass.; Erie, Pa.; and Fort Wayne, Ind.—we have a continuing program of plant improvement. In Schenectady, N. Y., for example, we have completely modernized a 4-acre electric motor factory (above) as part of an \$80 million improvement plan for our plants in that city.



43 new plants have been added by General Electric since 1946, so that we now have manufacturing facilities in 105 cities in 28 states. This investment has resulted in new jobs and new payrolls to dozens of communities. In Anniston, Alabama, for instance, General Electric's new television-tube plant (above) created 2,000 jobs and brought to Anniston its first major industrial payroll since 1947.



12 new laboratories have been opened. In today's technological age, research creates new products and jobs. 70,000 General Electric employees today are working on products we didn't make 15 years ago. One recent example: Man-made diamonds, produced by a 1,000-ton press in our Research Laboratory (above), will mean future jobs at General Electric's Carboley Department in Detroit.



Manpower development programs have expanded. Each year, more than 25,000 employees take advantage of Company-conducted training programs. The most recent step taken to assure men of leadership is General Electric's Management Research and Development Institute. (Above, right, Marc A. de Ferranti of G.E.'s Manager Development Consulting Service reviews construction progress.)

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BUSINESS

CORPORATIONS

The Ford Family Sells

Since 1919, when Henry Ford bought out his minority stockholders, Ford Motor Co. has been steered only by Ford and his family. This week, Ford Foundation trustees announced that the Ford family will give up sole control of the company, turning the last family-managed industrial colossus in the U.S. into a public corporation. Early next year, when the Foundation puts on sale the first blocks of stock (nearly 7,000,000 voting shares), the family will yield 65% of the voting rights in Ford management to investors.

The Ford Foundation, the independent philanthropic giant created by the Ford

Ford's surviving heirs and members of their families.

Apart from the Foundation, the only other present Ford stockholders are 1) the family, which owns all the 172,645 Class B voting shares, plus 190,347 Class A non-voting shares, and 2) 108 key Ford executives, who own 42,140 non-voting

A shares. **Three Classes of Stock.** Under the reorganization plan each share of the present non-voting A stock owned by the Foundation will be exchanged for 15 new non-voting A shares. The Foundation will thus have 46,348,620 A shares. When the first block of 6,952,293 shares is sold to investors, the shares will become voting shares. Thus, non-family common stockholders (and Ford executives) will own

tion or the family decides to sell more shares). The family's 45% of the voting rights will automatically drop to 30% if its B-stock ownership falls below 2,700,000 shares. If and when fewer than 1,500,000 B shares remain, the family will no longer control a specified percentage of voting rights but will have one vote per share, like common stockholders.

"The Whole Road." Why did the Ford family decide to let the public share control of the company? A major reason, according to associates, was a realization that the era of the family dynasty has long since passed. The family felt that the public which buys Ford cars nowadays feels it has a right to know how much money Ford is making and to buy stock in the company if it wishes. The Foundation's original idea to sell non-voting shares (which may not be listed on the New York Stock Exchange) would have given investors only a token stake in the company, and might have held the stock below its true value. The family decided, in the words of a spokesman: "If you go this road, you might as well go the whole road. When you have strings on it, you fool no one at all."

Although the Ford family will become minority stockholders in their own company, they will be well rewarded for the loss of privacy. The Ford stock held by each of Henry Ford's surviving heirs (Mrs. Edsel Ford, Henry Ford II, Benson, William and Josephine Ford) will now have a market value of at least \$388 million, as Wall Street expects, the shares go on sale for around \$60 apiece.

There was no doubt that investors would scramble for the stock when it reaches the market early next year. One big reason was the magic of the Ford name. But probably a bigger reason to hardheaded investors was the earnings of the Ford company. Some 400 investment houses, which will participate in selling the stock to the public, are already being flooded with orders to buy, no matter what the price. Board Chairman Ernest R. Breech reported last week that the company will earn more before taxes this year (an estimated \$700 million) than it did in the entire 21 years between two world wars, 1919 through 1939. In fact, said Breech, Ford has already made a greater profit in the first three quarters of 1955 than in any previous full year.



THE FORDS: HENRY II, MRS. EDELS, BENSON, JOSEPHINE & BILLY
Investors are scrambling.

Detroit Free Press

family, has long been anxious to at least 15% of its immense Ford stock holdings to diversify its investments. When the Government last week decided that the Foundation, as a tax-exempt organization, would not have to pay a 26% capital-gains tax on the sale, one of the last barriers to the stock sale was removed. However, the Foundation's 3,089,908 Ford shares (88% of all Ford stock) do not include voting shares, which are owned exclusively by the Ford family. Foundation trustees thought that investors who bought its shares "should have voting rights. Furthermore, voting rights would substantially increase the marketability of the shares." Henry Ford's heirs and the Foundation's trustees agreed to a sweeping reclassification of Ford stock, which will give investors technical control over Ford's future, although the family will retain working control. But the change will bring royal returns to Henry

only 14% of Ford stock at first but will exercise 60% of the voting rights.

The old non-voting A shares held by the family will be converted into a new Class B voting stock which will be entirely owned by the family: it will arbitrarily control 45% of the voting rights. Each share of the old voting B stock held by the family will be exchanged for 21 shares of the new B stock. Thus the family will get a 1.74% bigger stock equity in the company in exchange for relinquishing sole control. When and if the new B shares pass out of Ford family hands, they will be converted share-for-share into voting stock.

When all the present stock is exchanged and split, there will be 53,461,470 Ford shares outstanding. Including family-owned B shares and the common stock owned by the employees and to be sold to the public, there will be 14,065,143 voting shares at first (until the Foundation

STATE OF BUSINESS

High Signs

How fast is the U.S. boom growing? Much faster than most businessmen think, Ford Motor Co. Board Chairman Ernest R. Breech told the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce last week. "The big boom we have all been anticipating for the early 1960's is no longer a distant dream. We have no choice but to prepare for a major breakthrough into a new and much higher plateau of production and consumption."

TIME CLOCK

Three days later Commerce Secretary Sinclair Weeks put the official stamp on the optimistic picture. Said Weeks: "Business was never better. Workers never had it so good. Old man prosperity just keeps rolling along." Weeks cited record employment, of more than 65 million workers in October, and prophesied that Christmas sales figures will be the best ever.

Other plus signs:

¶ Steel producers, working at 100% capacity, produced 2,413,000 tons, an all-time high.

¶ Car and truck output hit the record rate of 200,482 units in a week.

¶ Personal income from all sources reached the record rate of \$307.5 billion in September, a \$2 billion rise over the previous month.

¶ New construction in 1955, reported the Commerce and Labor departments, will reach \$42 billion, 10% above last year's record.

¶ The stock market, spurred by news that Standard Oil (New Jersey), the world's No. 1 oil company, planned a 3 for 1 stock split, surged out of its doldrums, wiping off October's losses. The Dow Jones Industrial Average made its largest weekly gain since Nov. 15, 1954.

¶ Corporations continued to set earnings records for 1955's first 9 months. American Tobacco reported a net of \$38,440,000, up 21% over last year; Eastern Airlines netted \$4,748,089, up 16%; Sinclair Oil earned \$18,336,756, a 12% rise above a year ago; American Radiator earned \$13,637,000, up 11%; Chrysler netted \$79,637,012 v. \$3,724,383 last year.

In the midst of the pluses, there were also some minus signs. The growing shortage of credit was beginning to pinch some sections of the economy, as the Administration had expected it would. Housing starts in September dropped below 1954 levels. Next year, said the Veterans Administration, new housing starts will probably fall to 1,100,000, or 200,000 below the '55 level. In Manhattan, the First National City Bank, the city's leading maker of personal loans, hiked interest rates from \$3.35 per \$100 to \$4.25, the first rise since 1937. The Chase National Bank also boosted its rates. Prices started to edge up for a growing number of basic materials—steel pipe, cement, nickel, platinum, shellac, plumbing fixtures—and increases loomed for dinnerware, pots and pans, drapes, rugs, toys, refrigerators, washing machines. Retailers, trying to hold the price line, warned that unless the pressure eases, they will have to give way and also boost retail prices.

Loosening the Reins?

"Running credit policy is like walking a tightrope," said a top Cabinet official last week. "You almost always lean one way or the other. Last summer we were leaning too far toward inflation. Now we are taking a new look to see if we are leaning the other way."

MAMMOTH HIGHWAY PLAN on a pay-as-you-go basis is expected to get the green light from Congress next year. The Administration has ditched General Lucius Clay's bond-financing plan in favor of a 13-year, \$26 billion program financed either by increased user taxes or by a combination of taxes and tolls. Congressmen and truckers who stalled the pay-as-you-go formula this year are now reported ready to back a program financed entirely by increased user taxes, including boosts of 2¢ a gal on gasoline, 2¢ a lb. on tires, tubes and retreading materials, plus higher excise taxes on trucks and trailers.

JET PLANES will soon be ordered by American Airlines and Eastern, who have already started raising the cash to pay for them. American will borrow \$75 million from Metropolitan Life Insurance toward 20 jet transports. Eastern will get a \$90 million loan from Equitable Life Assurance, plans to spend \$40 million for jets. Neither airline has yet decided between Boeing 707s and Douglas DC-8s.

FREIGHT-CAR SHORTAGE is finally forcing the railroads to step up car buying, but the steel shortage may delay deliveries until 1957. New York Central will embark on one of the biggest purchasing programs ever launched by a U.S. railroad. With orders already in for 3,200 cars costing some \$23 million, Central will buy an additional 14,750 cars for \$117,855,000.

LIGHTWEIGHT FILM so strong that it can tow a car, yet so thin that cameras and movie projectors will be able to hold 35% more of it than of present films, will be manufactured next year by Du Pont. The new film's base is made of Cromar, synthetic cousin of Dacron; Du Pont spent eight years and \$6,000,000 developing it.

MOVIE-TV BATTLE will soon be intensified by a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer giveaway gimmick aimed at

luring children and parents away from TV sets. Quaker Oats will insert tickets to two new M-G-M movies in each of 80 million packages of cereal. The free tickets can be used only by children under 12. The catch: they must be accompanied by an adult—who will have to pay regular admission.

EAST-WEST TRADE will increase only slightly as a result of the U.S. decision to ease controls on exports to Russia and satellites next year. Exporters will no longer need individual licenses for each shipment, but will still be limited to nonstrategic goods, e.g., tallow, hides and tobacco. U.S. exports to Russia will remain a trickle (\$600,000 a year v. \$45 million in Soviet imports) unless the Iron Curtain countries decide to buy American farm food surpluses or step up purchases of farm and textile machinery.

AIR TRAFFIC JAM is so serious that the Civil Aeronautics Administration will ask next year for about \$200 million to install new ground and air controls to direct and speed up planes. The CAA wants to link civilian-airport towers to the air-defense radar system (so that the towers can keep better track of commercial planes), install new extra-long-range radar, and improve pilot-to-tower communications.

CALIFORNIA BANK MERGER combining San Francisco's venerable Crocker First National and Anglo California National banks will give the pair total deposits of \$1.28 billion. Crocker-Anglo will be California's fourth biggest (after Bank of America, Security-First National and American Trust).

JAPANESE SHIPYARDS are turning out more tonnage than any nation except Great Britain. Helped by low labor costs, Japanese shipbuilders have gone from seventh to second place in the world, now have orders for 2,253,315 tons, or 16.3% of the world's new ships (v. 3.6% a year ago).

By last week the Administration's policy of tightening credit, city by city, in the major Federal Reserve districts had finally taken hold. The cost of borrowing money all over the nation had risen, causing a decline in available credit. Member banks of the Federal Reserve were shorter of loanable funds than at any time since the spring of 1953. In the field of consumer credit, the trend of loans was still up (to \$34,293,000,000), but the climb was leveling out. Installment debt rose in September to a new high (of \$26,699,000,000) for the eighth straight month, but the increase was the smallest since April and well below the average \$660 million for the last four months.

Last week, as the nation's builders clamored over the drop in housing starts caused by the tightening of mortgage

money (*see above*), Housing Administrator Albert Cole promised the Mortgage Bankers Convention in Los Angeles: "I can assure you . . . the hands that tightened the rein will not hesitate to loosen it when and as conditions so recommend." On the heels of this, proponents of loosening credit received support from an unexpected and highly regarded source. In one of his infrequent speeches, Henry C. Alexander, new board chairman of J. P. Morgan & Co. (*see below*), and a member of the Federal Advisory Council which counsels the Federal Reserve System, said: "Maybe we should be thinking in terms of somewhat less restraint. If I were writing the rule or coining the slogan for monetary policy, I would say: 'Easy does it.'"

There were other signs that the nation's

THE RADAR BRAKE

And Other New Auto Features To Come

TO auto engineers and designers, the sparkling new cars in the showrooms are history. What excites them are the radical changes soon to come. When will all cars have brakes to stop a car automatically as it nears an obstacle? Are carburetors obsolete? How soon will the gas turbine replace the piston engine?

Some of the changes are soon to come. The automatic radar brake will be one of the most startling changes to be introduced by one automaker on 1957 models. The brake will be operated by a radar screen, built inconspicuously into the radiator grill. As the radar-equipped car approaches any object ahead, e.g., another car or a garage door, the radar screen will flash an impulse to the brakes, which will slow down or stop the car. The mechanism will be geared to take into account the speed of the car as well as the distance. For example, the radar car would be halted with a jolt if a car only a short distance ahead stopped suddenly. But if the slowing car were a few hundred feet ahead, the radar car would be braked easily. The radar brake can make electronically fast decisions for the driver who is inattentive or slow to react, can be canceled when necessary by stepping on the gas, e.g., if the driver decides to pass the car ahead.

But the greatest engineering change in next year's models will be less spectacular; it will be the replacement of the carburetor by a fuel-injection system by at least one automaker. Long used in aircraft and racing cars, fuel injection has been thought too tricky and expensive for stock cars. But the rapidly rising cost of the new four-barrel carburetors has closed the cost gap while several practical stock-car systems have been developed. In present carburetors, gasoline is mixed with air, then sucked into the cylinders through the manifold. With a fuel-injection system, small pumps attached to each cylinder spray the fuel-air mixture under pressure directly into the firing chamber. With better engine breathing and more accurate fuel control, the system gives faster acceleration, particularly at low speeds, more effective horsepower and more gas mileage.

Fuel-injection systems, which may take years to reach all cars, will probably be the last major refinement of the present piston engine. The great change will be the turbine engine. But the first engine will probably not be a true gas turbine. It may well be a "free-piston engine," a combination of

the piston engine and turbine. The idea of the engine is old, but only recently have automakers been able to eliminate many of the bugs. In the present engine, the pistons turn the crankshaft as the explosions in the cylinders drive them down, thus transfer power to the transmission and move the car. In the free-piston engine, there are two pistons, at opposing ends of the cylinder, which force gas at tremendously high pressure into a turbine. The turbine, in turn, transmits power to the wheels through a simplified transmission. By eliminating the crankshaft and a complicated transmission, the free-piston engine cuts weight, cost and loss of horsepower by friction, thus is more efficient all around.

To many auto engineers, the free-piston engine could be the logical transition to the gas turbine. Most of the mechanical bugs in a small gas turbine for cars have already been eliminated. Chrysler, for example, has been testing a gas-turbine car on Detroit streets for months. Nevertheless, engineers estimate that the mass-produced gas-turbine auto is still at least ten years away. One reason is that heat-resisting alloys needed for turbine engines are still far too short for mass production. But the biggest reason is the economics of the auto industry. The industry has to progress by evolution rather than revolution, since astronomical tooling costs must be written off over a long period of years. Automakers cannot scrap their present piston-engine equipment overnight any more than they could immediately scrap their old transmission equipment when the new automatic shifts came in.

The tremendous cost of tools also slows style changes. But so does the customer; he does not want a radical style change every year simply because it turns his new car into a has-been too fast. As a result, style changes are usually moderate. Cars will probably get no bigger, but they will get slightly lower and have more glass all around. By using smaller wheels and dropping the hood line, designers expect to turn out cars that look lower than present models, but actually will have the same headroom. To enable a motorist to get into a low car without bumping his head on the top, at least one automaker next year will curve the door panels into the roof. Automakers will rely even more heavily on two- and three-tone color combinations to accentuate body lines.

money managers were no longer thinking in terms of further credit restraints. One big reason: the illness of President Eisenhower had done as much as any FRB action to prick the speculative bubble on the boom. In fact, indications were that U.S. credit might be eased, perhaps in January, after the Christmas buying rush.

GOVERNMENT

Conflict of Interest?

"I am grateful for the opportunity this country has given me to make a place in the world for myself," said Danish-born Peter Strobel in June 1954 to Washington newsmen. "By taking this job perhaps I can partly pay back this country." With that, Strobel left Strobel & Salzman, a Manhattan engineering partnership that paid him about \$100,000 annually, for the \$14,800-a-year job of Public Buildings Commissioner in the General Services Administration. As such, Strobel had charge of letting millions of dollars of contracts.

Last week the Government career of Peter Strobel seemed to be drawing to an end after three days of hearings before Representative Emanuel Celler's House Judiciary subcommittee, which is probing possible conflict of interest of businessmen in Government.

With the knowledge of GSA Administrator Edmund Mansure, said Strobel, he kept his controlling interest in his firm after going to Washington, but in no way "used or sought to use my official position to further the firm's interests." But Strobel admitted that he had arranged for a \$16,390 contract for remodeling a Government building to be awarded to a Manhattan architectural firm which was also one of his company's clients, even though the usual practice is to award such contracts after competitive bidding. Another time, said the committee, Strobel personally went to Ferrenz & Taylor, a Manhattan architectural firm which had hitherto done no business with his firm or with the Government, and solicited an \$18,000 construction contract for his engineering company. Strobel also testified that after joining GSA he went around to the Army Engineer Corps and pressed a claim for \$7,500 still owed his company by the Government. Said Strobel: "But I did it on my lunch hour."

After Strobel was through testifying, GSA Chief Mansure told newsmen that he would let Strobel resign. Said Mansure: "Strobel has done nothing really wrong, but he just didn't use good judgment." He added that Strobel had not only put off signing the GSA's standard no conflict-of-interest pledge for half a year, but that it also took months to get a list of his firm's clients out of him. Snapped Strobel, who has been fighting with Mansure over GSA procedures: "I didn't want anybody snooping around my private business. Besides, I had other things to do. I was working 12 hours a day. If they want to get rid of me, they'll have to fire me. I'm not the kind of man who runs."



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BUSINESS ABROAD

German Plane Builders

West Germany has won its airline; soon it will have its planemakers at work. Focke-Wulf, famed for its fighters, hopes to be the first to take off; it announced last week that it will start immediate production of Germany's first postwar powered aircraft: the Bf 502, a small single-engined liaison plane.

Grounded by Allied decree since the war's end, the planemakers got permission to build aircraft (except strategic bombers and guided missiles) when Germany regained its sovereignty last May. The industry is badly hampered by a lack



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of capital and by the fact that many of its big plants and best brains are in East Germany. In the beginning, it will concentrate on small planes and components, building many under license from U.S. and other foreign manufacturers. To help one another through the rough early years, German planemakers are forming four cartel-like groups, through which they will work together and divvy up orders.

Among the planemakers likely to play big roles in the reborn industry:

¶ Fighter Designer Willy Messerschmitt, who has kept busy repairing U.S. Army trucks, making midget cars (TIME, Sept. 19) and sewing machines while running an aircraft-designing bureau in Spain, is readying his Augsburg plant (sewing machines) for plane production. He has several planes on his drawing board, including a four-engined cargo carrier, hopes within a year to be employing 2,500 in aircraft alone v. 2,100 in all his ventures now.

¶ Bomber Builder Claudine Dornier, whose plants employed over 15,000 in 1944, has also been making midget cars while he stayed airborne with a design company in Spain. It has designed and



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The Sick Lion

The lion let word get around that he lay at death's door in his cave and wanted everybody to come and listen to his last will and testament.

A skeptical fox decided somebody else could go first and kept his distance while a sheep, goat, and lamb dutifully disappeared through the door.

Staging what must have been a miraculous recovery, the lion suddenly appeared at the mouth of the cave

and, spying the fox, asked why he didn't come in and pay his respects, too.

"Sorry, your majesty," said the fox— "but so many tracks lead in—and none out—that I thought I'd wait until your cave was a little less crowded."

¶

Or, in other words, as Aesop used to say, don't believe everything you hear.

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LOBBY OF THE TEAMSTERS' HEADQUARTERS IN WASHINGTON
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built prototypes of the Do 27, a light observation plane for the Spanish government. In about a year, Dornier plans to start producing the Do 27 in Germany for the private plane market.

¶ Ernst Heinkel, who had lost all but one of his plants when the war ended, has been turning out small motors, midget cars. He has started hiring back some of his old design staff, including Siegfried ("Dixi") Günther, who designed the dread He 110 twin-engined fighter-bomber.

¶ Bayerische Motoren Werke, which built the world's first mass-produced jet engine during the war, since then has rebuilt U.S. Army vehicles, now produces motorcycles and passenger cars. Last year B.M.W. set up a division to study jet propulsion; it has now gathered together all its old planning, design and production teams, hopes to start by producing U.S. jet engines under license.

LABOR

Union Suites

With all the fanfare of a Hollywood opening, the A.F.L. teamsters, biggest U.S. union, last week dedicated its white marble, four-story headquarters in Washington, just across the plaza from the Capitol. Guests received embossed invitations; from Hollywood came Movie Stars Pat O'Brien, Walter Pidgeon, Dan Dailey and George Murphy—all A.F.L. card carriers. In his dedicatory speech, Teamster Boss Dave Beck noted that some critics had complained that the building was "perhaps too grand" for working folk, but he told them: "This is a tribute to what the working people of America can accomplish."

After the speechmaking, a corps of 40 uniformed guides took guests on a tour of the labor palace. They saw a 472-seat auditorium decorated in 23-karat gold leaf and equipped for CinemaScope and Vista-Vision, a walnut-paneled conference room

with a large pear-shaped table, an executives' dining room with television and canned music, a coffee room, private shower baths for top officials, wood-paneled offices for all bigwigs. There were oil paintings, lobbies walled in Aurisina Fiorito to marble, ashtrays costing \$7.50 apiece on the conference tables, and bronze boxes for outgoing mail (\$17.50 apiece) on the executives' handcrafted desks. Cost: \$5,000,000, paid in cash out of the teamsters' \$35 million treasury.

The teamsters' building is the most opulent, but only one of many union structures in Washington. For despite the dictum of A.F.L. Founder Sam Gompers to avoid Government entanglement, one by one, U.S. unions have been moving to the nation's capital. As one A.F.L. official put it: "What happens on Capitol Hill is bound to affect [unions], and they can be more effective by moving their top people to Washington." Today 51 unions have their national headquarters in the capital, with still more coming in. Next, an eight-story, air-conditioned building will open in time to house the newly merged A.F.L.-C.I.O.; other structures are going up for the A.F.L. Machinists, C.I.O. Electrical Workers, A.F.L. Operating Engineers. The C.I.O. Steelworkers and A.F.L. Bakery Workers have bought sites and plan to build.

FOREIGN TRADE Oil Cutback

Defense Mobilizer Arthur S. Flemming last week handed U.S. oil companies a knotty problem. Foreign oil, said he, is coming into the country too fast. If U.S. companies want to avoid their first taste of Government import curbs, they must cut crude-oil imports voluntarily by 7% during the last quarter of 1955 and the first of 1956. A House Judiciary subcom-

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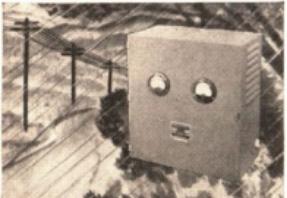
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mittee promptly let out a shout of warning. Asked the subcommittee: How could the oil companies comply without acting in concert and thus violating antitrust laws? Flemming pointed out that he had merely made a suggestion.

Nevertheless, Flemming made it clear that, one way or another, imports must slow down. Too much imported oil, the Administration feels, could discourage growth of domestic exploration and production. Early this year the Administration decided that 1955 crude-oil imports should be roughly 10% of 1954 domestic production. Flemming figures that this year's April-December imports will average about 740,000 bbls. a day. Approximately half that amount will be Canadian and Venezuelan oil, which is exempt from these quotas. The remaining 370,000, Flemming calculates, must be cut by 7%, or 26,000 bbls. a day, to fall in line with Administration policy. The new limit must hold through first-quarter 1956.

Oil companies will soon be asked to report to Flemming on their efforts to cut imports. If the results do not satisfy the Defense Mobilizer, he will reluctantly launch the Government "down a road of regulation which it has never traveled before."

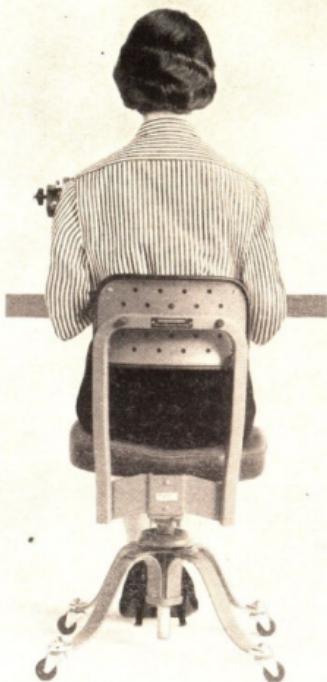
PERSONNEL

Changes of the Week

¶ Henry Clay Alexander, 53, moved from the presidency to the chairmanship of J. P. Morgan & Co., Inc., but kept the post of chief executive officer of the bank. He was succeeded as president by Henry P. Davison, 57, formerly a senior vice president, while Thomas S. Lamont, 56, also a former senior vice president, moved up to vice chairman. Simultaneously, four older leading officers withdrew from board posts but will stay on at famed "23 Wall" as directors and members of the executive committee. They are George Whitney, 70, former chairman; Russell C. Leffingwell, 77, and Arthur M. Anderson, 75, former vice chairmen; Junius S. Morgan, 63, grandson of the founder and a former vice president.

¶ Henry Hale Rand, 46, became president of International Shoe Co. of St. Louis, largest U.S. shoe manufacturer, succeeding his late brother, Edgar E. Rand. The third son of Frank Rand, one of the company founders, President Rand got a B.A. in economics at Vanderbilt University in 1929, joined the family firm as a laborer in a leather warehouse, 16 years later was elected a director. In 1948 he became vice president in charge of merchandising and production.

¶ Arthur S. Genet, 46, a railroader, was named president of Greyhound Corp., biggest U.S. bus company. He will succeed Orville Swan Caesar, president since 1946, who will move up to board chairman. Genet, whom Caesar hails as a "wizard in the field of traffic promotion," was born in Manhattan, became controller of New York's Central Coal Co. Inc. at the age of 30. He began his railroading career in 1943 as an officer of National Carload-



virtuoso at the keyboard!

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"How simple is it to learn to fly?" they ask. The answer, "Much simpler than ever before." A modern business aircraft like the Piper Tri-Pacer (most popular in the low cost field) has tricycle landing gear that takes all the skill out of landing and ground handling. The Tri-Pacer also has simplified controls for flying ease. People have actually soloed the Tri-Pacer after just one day of instruction!

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Keep your eye on future columns for further interesting information on modern business flying.

ing Corp., became its president (at 35) a year later. In 1946 he became assistant vice president of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway, a year later vice president in charge of freight traffic.

CONSTRUCTION

Dam Week

One of the easiest ways to start an argument in the U.S. is to propose damming a river. Last week the fights over two big dam projects which have been through long controversies were settled. ¶ Governors, Senators and Representatives of four Western states voted to drop the controversial Echo Park Dam from their plan to develop power resources on the upper Colorado River.

Conservationists had opposed the plan, angrily pointing out that the Echo Park Dam would flood the Dinosaur National Monument in Colorado's northwest corner. The four-state group now plans to push four other dams in a bill to be introduced in Congress next session.

¶ FPC flashed the green light for construction of the Priest Rapids and Wanapum Dams on the Columbia River. They will be built by the Grant County (Wash.) Public Utility District, which had to fight objections of the state power commission before it could take on the job. The P.U.D. will share the \$361 million cost of the Priest River Dam with the Federal Government, making the dam the first under President Eisenhower's public-private "partnership" policy.

MILESTONES

Died. Owen E. Brennan, 45, New Orleans restaurateur, owner of Brennan's Vieux Carré restaurant (a three-hour breakfast at \$9.45), and the Latin Quarter landmark across the street, the Old Absinthe House (founded c. 1805); of a heart attack; in New Orleans.

Died. Dale Carnegie, 66, kingpin self-help author (*How to Win Friends and Influence People*, *How to Stop Worrying and Start Living*), founder of the Dale Carnegie Institute ("courses in Effective Speaking, Leadership Training and Human Relations"); of uremia; in New York City. As a \$2-an-evening Y.M.C.A. public-speaking teacher in Manhattan, Carnegie discovered that what his students really wanted to learn was how to make a good impression on their bosses and friends. His institute boomed into a quasi religion whose 450,000 disciples were certain that he had pointed the way to success. In 1935, Publisher Leon Shimkin of Manhattan's Simon & Schuster persuaded Carnegie to collect his lectures. The result, *How to Win Friends*, sold 5,000,000 copies in the English editions, was translated into 31 languages (including a recent Burmese version by Prime Minister U Nu). Sample Carnegie maxims: 1) let the other man feel the idea is his, 2) smile, 3) let the other man save face.

Died. Maurice Utrillo, 71, famed French painter of Paris street scenes and landscapes; of pneumonia; in Dax, France. Born in Montmartre, Utrillo was the bastard son of talented, scatterbrained Suzanne Valadon, who had worked as a circus acrobat, a model for Toulouse-Lautrec and Renoir, and was later a top painter herself. An heir to the worst ills of bohemianism (legend has it that he was fathered by Renoir, Degas, or an alcoholic paint dauber named Boissy), Utrillo drank absinthe in his teens, was an alcoholic at 18, began painting in 1902 at the behest of his mother to keep him from drink. At the top of his form (the White Period, 1909-14), Utrillo painted the winding, empty streets and crumbling buildings of

Montmartre with a serenity that belied the circumstances of his life. In 1935 he married buxom Lucie Pauwels, who put water in his wine, dropped an iron curtain about him, appointed herself the caretaker and sole distributor of his flagging art.

Died. Sir Ronald Storrs, 73, longtime Governor of Jerusalem (1917-26) and Cyprus (1926-32), author (*Orientations*), who was credited by T. E. Lawrence with starting the revolt of the Arabs in the desert during World War I which hastened the fall of the Turkish empire; in London.

Died. August Vollmer, 79, pioneer in the use of modern U.S. police methods, professor of police administration (1932-37) at the University of California; by his own hand after he told his housekeeper: "I'm going to shoot myself; call the Berkeley police"; in Berkeley, Calif. As Berkeley police chief (1905-32), Vollmer perfected fingerprinting, handwriting analysis and traffic-control techniques, used the lie detector, was first to put all the cops on the force into cars (earlier he had put them on bicycles), later reorganized the police departments of Los Angeles, Detroit, Havana.

Died. Major General Lorenzo Dow Gasser, 79, U.S. Army Deputy Chief of Staff in 1939, assistant director (1941-42) of the Office of Civilian Defense, head of the War Department's manpower board in World War II; in Washington, D.C. As manpower chief, General Gasser combed bases in the U.S., found 100,000 rear-area troops fit for combat duty. Later he toured Europe's U.S. communications zones, sent qualified rear-area troops into action to replace the 40,000 casualties of the Battle of the Bulge.

Died. Chief Iron Hail, 98 (otherwise known as Dewey Beard or Wa-Sue-Ma-Za), Indian of the Oglala Sioux, one of the last survivors of the battle of the Little Big Horn. General George A. Custer's famed last stand; in his tar-paper shack on the Pine Ridge Reservation, S. Dak.



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CINEMA

The New Pictures

The View from Pompey's Head (20th Century-Fox), as Hamilton Basso saw it in his bestselling novel of 1954, was a rather unnerving spectacle in which the contemporary South looked like a magnolia tundra strewn with discarded Coke bottles. In the picture version, the view is strictly from the cash register, and the focus scrooches down pretty quickly on the kind of hot grits that generally go with the greens Hollywood loves best.

The hero (Richard Egan), a Southerner who has "lapsed" to New York, is sent back on legal business to his home town, Pompey's Head. On the way, he limbers up his lip for both the accent and the girl (Dana Wynter) he left behind him. The



DANA WYNTER & CAMERON MITCHELL
Hot grits.

accent Actor Egan never does quite come to isolate, but the girl he gets alone in a hotel room on his first day in town.

When the girl's husband (Cameron Mitchell), a got-rich peckerhead, finds out about that hotel visit, he ravishes his wife, just to even the score. Next day behind a sand dune, Egan has a "soul-shaking experience" with the lady, but Mitchell is victorious in the end. He tells his wife that if she leaves him, she must also leave the old plantation. In the book the plantation was no more than a make-weight for the whole way of life it implied. In the picture it merely looks as if she loves her fun, but oh, that real estate!

Guys and Dolls (Samuel Goldwyn: M-G-M), as a Broadway musical, had all the vulgar swagger of a fink[®] with his mink at 4 a.m. on the crosstown, and a lot more salt than the lox in Lindy's. It was not really Runyon, just as Runyon was not really Broadway, but as a pin-striped fairy tale with garlic on its breath,

* "A fink," according to Damon Runyon, "being such a guy as is extra nothing."

N° 5 - GARDENIA - N° 22

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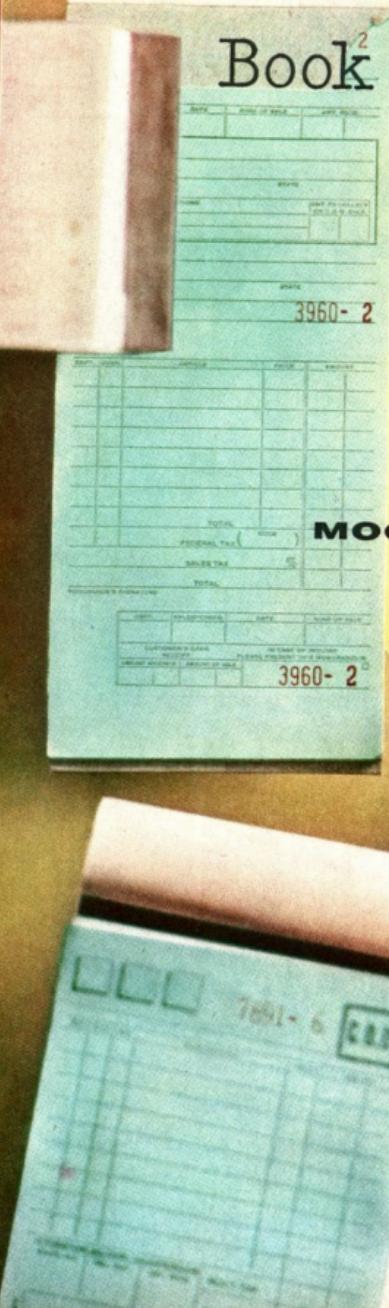
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it made an honest-to-Gotham hit, and it ran for three years.

Sold to Sam Goldwyn for a record price of \$1,000,000, *Guys and Dolls* is now flung to the cheap seats as a \$5,000,000 Hollywood musical. Despite some bad lapses, it is a Sam-dandy of a picture show, a 138-minute blur of unmitigated energy, one of the year's best musicals.

The Hollywood script keeps close to the Broadway book. As the show begins, such assorted knouts, beer-needlers and pete-lousers as Nicely Nicely, Benny Southstreet, Harry the Horse and Angie the Ox are in their customary condition of p.m. panic. "The oldest established permanent floating crap game in New York" is about to sink. Its proprietor, one Nathan Detroit (Frank Sinatra), cannot raise the rent money for a suitably secluded backroom. Happens, however, he

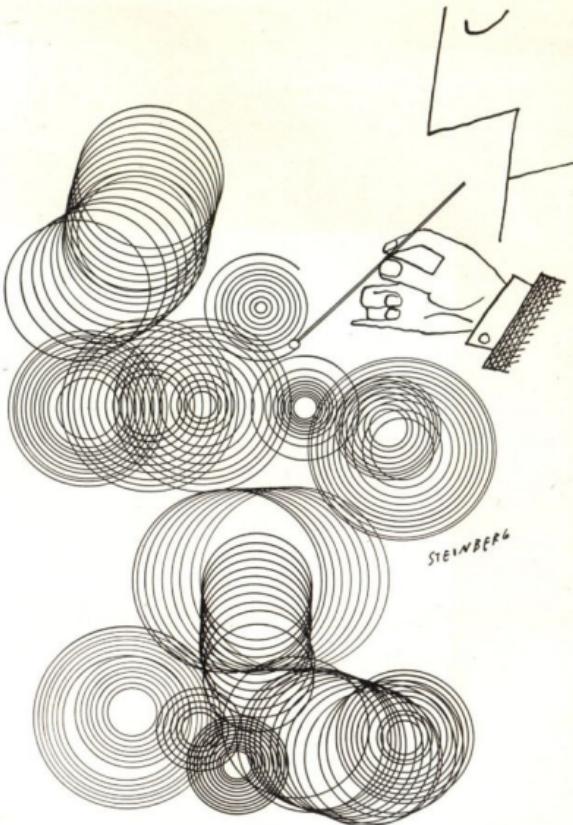


MARLON BRANDO & JEAN SIMMONS
Nice teeth and no last names.

runs into Sky Masterson (Marlon Brando), a curly wolf at all games of chance, and lays the sucker a G he cannot make it to Havana, inside 24 hours, with a doll (Jean Simmons) named Sarah Brown, from the Save-A-Soul Mission.

Sky is accustomed to dolls "wit' nice teeth and no last names," so he makes Miss Brown a straight proposition: in return for her company, he promises to deliver twelve of "the Devil's first-string troops" to prayer meeting come Saturday night. She accepts, but in Havana the track is faster than she expected because Sky puts a hypnotic in her cow juice. Even so, they are soon lugging in on the preacher for a matrimonial finish.

Faithful in detail, the picture is false to the original in its feeling. The Broadway production was as intimate as a hotfoot; the Goldwyn movie takes a blowtorch full of Eastman Color and stereophonic sound to get the same reaction. More specifically, a couple of the principals do not quite deliver. Brando as the gambler

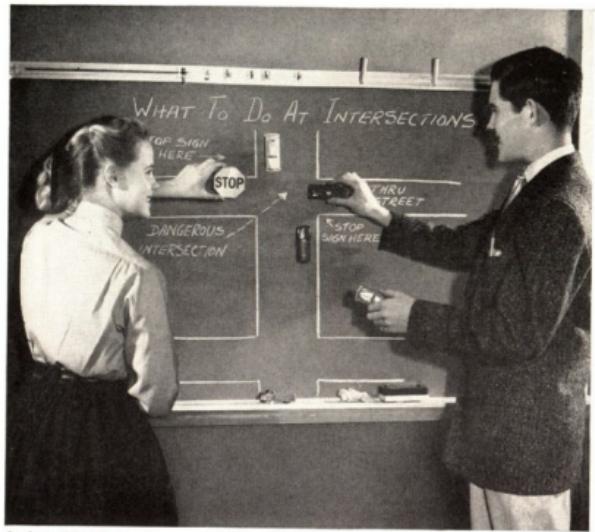


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has a nylon slickness and the right occupational crimp around the eyes. He dances, too, in one wonderful piece of mambo-jumbo, with a kind of animal rapture that moviegoers will want to see more of but he sings in a faraway tenor that sometimes tends to be flat.

Jean Simmons sings sharp, in a voice that is not much better, but she flings herself into Sarah's saturnalia with a pelvic hullabaloo that should make the public forget about her upper register. Vivian Blaine, the only big name held over from the Broadway cast, is just right as the blonde who celebrates her anniversary (4 years engaged) by catching a cold in her Bronx tubes; and when she screeches *Take Back Your Mink* ("to whence it came"), the evening is made. Frank Sinatra, as Nathan Detroit, not only acts as if he can't tell a Greek roll from a bagel; he sings as though his mouth were full of ravioli instead of gefilte fish. Stubby Kaye and B. S. Pully, both from the Broadway cast, suggest best of all the seraphic moldiness of Runyon's ryonys.

As a whole, the show is strong enough to carry its weak parts. It starts with one of the friskiest and funniest ballets ever seen on screen: a sort of midtown montage of pimps and policemen, dips and drabs, teens and touts that comes to a climax in a hilarious antiphony of horseplayers as they peruse what Runyon called "the morning bladder." In fact, from first to last—and the last dance is a thrilling choreography, set in a picturesque sewer of the primordial rite of dice—Michael Kidd has staged his ballets even more effectively than he did on Broadway. Frank Loesser's lyrics are classy, too, whether his music is or not, and Director Joseph Mankiewicz has often made the most of a very good Broadway book by Jo Swerling and Abe Burrows.

The Tender Trap [M-G-M]. "Wow!" says David Wayne, "What a waterhole!" David is on vacation from marriage and the Indiana Pharmaceutical Co., and Frank Sinatra's plush New York apartment is an ideal deer park. As the fair game begins popping out in all directions, so do David's eyes. A smooth little blonde glides out of the bedroom; she promises to come back soon and bring Frank some fish. Another goldilocks jounces in the door—"to walk the dog." Frank casually explains. An Amazonian brunette, with the look of a lady wrestler in search of a match, wanders in to offer Sinatra a large box of cheese. Also in the field: Celeste Holm, a girl violinist who likes to come over to Frankie's house and fiddle, and a certain Miss Sur (rhymes with fur), who works at the U.N.

Mattress farce? Not at all. It's a peptic problem play. The woman-eating orchid gets indigestion when he reaches for just one too many: Debbie Reynolds. He sees her first at a Broadway tryout. She turns her back to him, Sinatra snaps: "This girl has got something." It is a one-sided judgment, and he lives to regret it. When



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FRANK SINATRA & DEBBIE REYNOLDS
Love is spelled S-C-A-R-S-D-A-L-E.

he asks her to dinner, she replies: "Why?" She is a woman, it develops, with a planned he-economy, and Sinatra, even though he is "attractive in an off-beat, beat-up sort of way," does not quite fill the grey flannel suit in her hope chest. In the end she makes the alterations herself, and the tender trap turns out to be Love, though the teeth in it spell S-C-A-R-S-D-A-L-E.

The picture, in short, like the Broadway play, does no more than curl up nice and cozy with a bachelor's address book—a fairly entertaining way to spend an evening. What's more, Frank Sinatra as the bachelor turns out to be a good comedian; time and again he takes the play away from such gifted scene stealers as David Wayne and Celeste Holm. They all gang up in one fine scene—teetering about on toxic joints with arteries afame, gulping slugs of tomato juice from the last clean shot glass—to play a glorious morning after. Sample dialogue: "I found your shoes." "Where were they?" "In the icebox," "Oh."

CURRENT & CHOICE

The Big Knife. Clifford Odets gums away at some sour grapes and spits the seeds at Hollywood; with Jack Palance, Ida Lupino (TIME, Oct. 24).

The Desperate Hours. A man's home is his prison in the thriller-diller of the season; with Fredric March, Humphrey Bogart (TIME, Oct. 10).

Trial. A termite's-eye view of how U.S. Communists bore a worthy cause from within; with Glenn Ford, Arthur Kennedy (TIME, Oct. 3).

It's Always Fair Weather. A sharp little musical that needles TV—without trying, of course to burst the Electronic Bubble; with Gene Kelly, Dan Dailey, Michael Kidd (TIME, Sept. 5).

I Am a Camera. A nymph's regress in Christopher Isherwood's Berlin; Julie Harris, at both hooch and cootch, is a comic sensation (TIME, Aug. 15).



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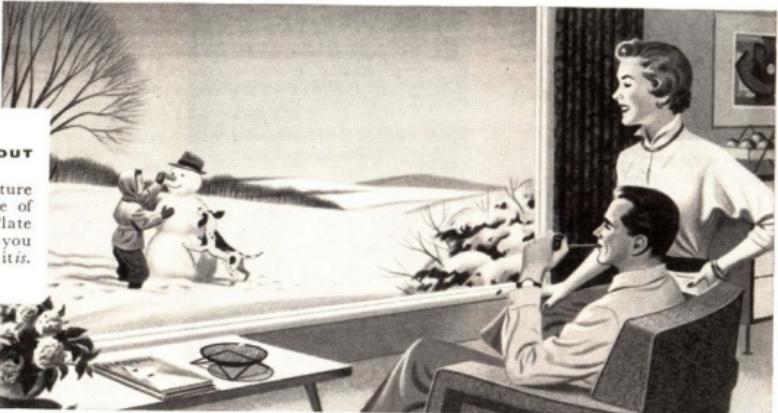
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BOOKS

World with a Difference

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN [304 pp.]—The Editorial Staff of LIFE and Lincoln Barnett—TIME, Inc. (\$13.50, regular; \$15.50 deluxe).

Scientists suffer from a peculiar problem: the more they learn, the more complicated their subject becomes. Probing forever past the boundaries of knowledge, the scientist too often is impatient, too seldom has time to learn a language equal to his vision. Too quickly he takes refuge in words that reek of the laboratory, writes reports that plod through complex formulas. The layman must wait for someone to translate science into the words of the world it seeks to explain.

The editors of LIFE have done a large part of the job. Sifting, shuffling, simplifying the long record of man's intellectual explorations, they have put together *The World We Live In*, a history (which originally appeared in a memorable series of articles) of what man has learned about his home in the universe. From the dry and brittle bones of paleontology to the vast reaches of cosmography, Author Lincoln Barnett's text moves easily through many disciplines. Zoology, biology, the changing geography of earth—the exciting stuff that could once seem deadly in school-year homework—take on a new dimension. The superb paintings and photographs that range through time and space somehow succeed in recording the life of the world within the pages of a book. As sharp and clear as the remarkable pictures, the text is always in focus.

This is indeed, as Scientist Vannevar Bush, wartime Chief of the Office of Scientific Research and Development, writes in his introduction, "journalism with a difference." It is a book for every man with a modicum of curiosity about his place on the globe that whirls him through infinity. And such curiosity is a common itch; already *The World We Live In* has sold \$16,000 copies, should easily sell its total printing of 65,000.

The world man lives in is a world whose outlines waver darkly and will change as long as scientists peer through the deep and murky waters of time. But what has been seen so far can be seen clearly in *The World We Live In*—smaller than life size but big in meaning.

Babes in Nomads' Land

THE SPIDER'S HOUSE [406 pp.]—Paul Bowles—Random House (\$3.95).

Novelist Paul Bowles likes to paralyze his characters in the opening pages and then devour them at leisure. The paralytic agents are 20th century emptiness and despair. The devouring usually takes place in North Africa, a nomads' land where U.S. Novelist Bowles has roved for more than two decades. Like his highly praised *The Sheltering Sky* and *Let It Come Down*, the latest Bowles novel is less about

the clash of cultures than about the decline of both West and East.

The hero of *The Spider's House* is a dilettante culture vulture named John Stenham. In present-day French Morocco, he resents the growing web of tension, intrigue and violence spun by the French and the Arabs. A neutralist esthete in love with his romantic image of the Arabs as a race of noble and religious savages, he does not want the French to keep Morocco or the nationalists to take it.

To grey-eyed Polly Veyron, an American girl on an extended fling to whom everything is "so exciting," Stenham looks pretty exciting, but cranky, too. Polly's



NOVELIST BOWLES
Into a child's garden of Allah.

head is stuffed with progressive sawdust, but her personality seems to have been forged at U.S. Steel. Her idea of mixing fun and politics is to give an Arab boy enough money to go out and buy himself a revolver. The boy in question is named Amar—cousin to Kipling's wily quiz kid, Kim. He makes a good deal of *The Spider's House* into a kind of child's garden of Allah.

The Spider's House simmers with the sense of grievance felt by the Arabs against the French. "If you could not have freedom, you could still have vengeance, and that was all anyone really wanted now." The setting alone lends special interest to the book, and Author Bowles brings the Moroccan locale to life with meticulous realism. If his cast of characters has a cosmetic blush that suggests not the novelist's but the embalmers' art, that is a quality which fans of Bowles's rather special fiction have long since learned to enjoy.

Cye

A CHARMED LIFE [313 pp.]—Mary McCarthy—Harcourt, Brace (\$3.95).

Among those puffing their way up the descending escalator of intellectual fashion, many have cause to remember the shrewdly placed elbow and deft umbrella of a comparative shopper in ideas called Mary McCarthy.

In the nylon bluestocking set, she appears to be the most enviable of women. She is still remarkably handsome at 43. She is renowned among her friends both as a wit and a cook. She is currently in Venice, long after the mere tourists have gone, and in Manhattan her husband is shopping for an apartment suitable to her taste. With her latest novel, *A Charmed Life*, barely on the counters, a new book (about Venice) is already commissioned. She is quite possibly the cleverest writer the U.S. has ever produced.

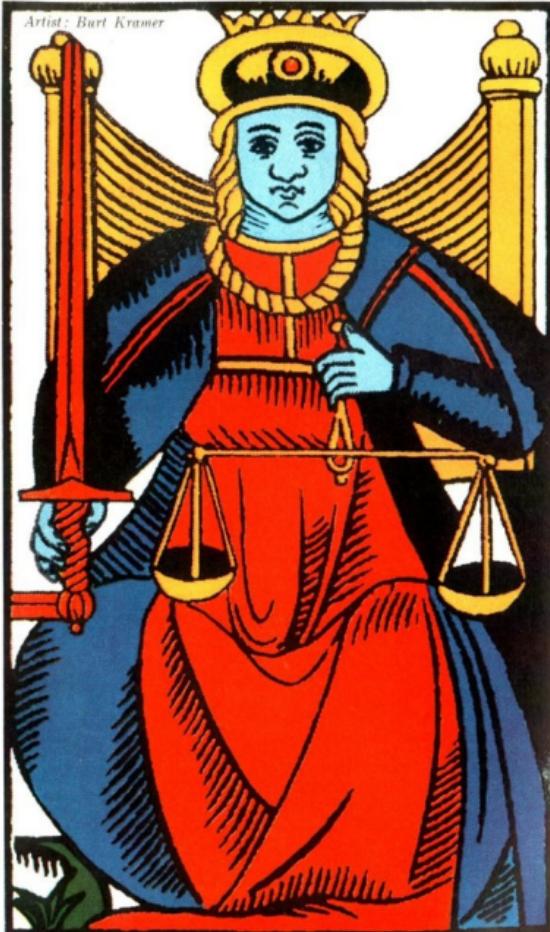
OUT OF THE SWEATER. Mary McCarthy has marked most stages of her life with a book or story or critical essay—not to mention several thousand yards of the brightest conversation ever to come from a pretty woman's lips. Her first book, *The Company She Keeps* (1942), told of a girl who suffers guilt by association of one kind or another with a Yale man, an art dealer, and, most painfully—because the fellow was no intellectual—in a Pullman compartment with a man in a Brooks Brothers shirt. *The Oasis* (1949) was a sailor's farewell to the remnants of New York's intellectual Left; it began with the arrival of a bunch of New Utopians, their cars laden "with whisky, cans and contraceptives," and left them at the end without even their illusions. After *The Groves of Academe* (1952), the U.S. progressive college will never be the same again; in that book Mary McCarthy (who taught at Bard and Sarah Lawrence) posed the dilemma of the liberal president who could not fire an incompetent professor because the fellow had cunningly pretended once to have been a member of the Communist Party.

As she has told her own story, she was orphaned at six (both parents died of influenza in 1918), passed around among relatives, and sent to a convent in Seattle. She went East to Vassar (class of 1933), became a Phi Beta Kappa in her senior year, and married successively an actor cast Harold Johnsrud (divorce), Edmund Wilson, the novelist-critic (divorce, one son, now 16), and finally Bowden Broadwater, an occasional writer some years her junior.

Mary was far from the average Vassar girl who just wanted to beat Emily to the Post. She set herself apart from both the socially conscious and the "blue-eyed Republican girls" by a romantic Royalism and a devotion to the past. She was a Latinist and knew more about St. Thomas Aquinas than about the contemporary Thomas (Norman) for whom many of the faculty members cast their votes. Outwardly, there was nothing much to set her apart from the conventionally unconventional

Great Ideas of Western Man... ONE OF A SERIES

Artist: Burt Kramer



MONTESQUIEU

on equality under law

In the state of nature, indeed, all men are born equal, but they cannot continue in this equality. Society makes them lose it, and they recover it only by the protection of the laws.

[The Spirit of the Laws, 1748]

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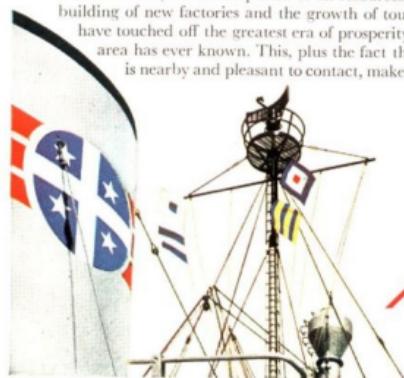




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Vassar girls who, on graduation, shed their pearls and Brooks sweaters and swarm down the Hudson to arrive, after a false start or two, in a marriage suitable for mention in the *Alumnae Magazine*.

Nothing much, that is, except a passion for just relations between men and society, nouns and verbs.

Into the Parade. She had a near genius for words and sharply whittled chips on both her sturdy Irish shoulders. She did not feel at home among the Irish Catholics in Seattle; there were Protestants and a Jew (a maternal grandmother) in her family. She was no ugly duckling, but seemed to think so. She grew her famous wide smile, which is now, according to a friend, "a sort of tic," but could not charm rich, silly and beautiful convent classmates. They called her "Cye" and it was torture. It must mean something terrible, she thought, and it was not until many years later on a Manhattan street that it occurred to her that it meant "Clever Young Egg."

Mary graduated into the intellectual Manhattan of the '30s when all roads seemed to lead to Moscow. She marched in May Day parades "for fun." As a "romantic desperado . . . like all truly intellectual women" (her own phrase), Mary McCarthy found Trotsky her meat. Trotsky saved her from Stalin; when her Irish logic argued that the Great Heretic should be given a fair shake in the jurisprudence of the revolution, she found herself cold-shouldered by her Stalinist friends with whom she had drunk gin for Republican Spain. She, in turn, has cold-shouldered them ever since.

The Gramophones. Every writer must have a country to call his own; Mary McCarthy's is the country of the little magazine, the off-beat college and the mobile-ménage. It is more remorselessly competitive than the business world to which it feels superior. It is a world always at war, and Mary McCarthy's far-from-secret weapon is to write her enemies—and friends—into her books. Despite her demurrs, the game of "spot-the-model" goes on. Experts in this game can tell that Taub in *The Oasis* is really the editor of a certain highbrow magazine; another highbrow editor (his journal is now defunct) won his McCarthy Purple Heart as Macdougal Macdermott in the same book, but both remain good and gallant friends of their satirist.

The total recall of McCarthy heroines suggests that T. S. Eliot simply did not know the first thing about what lovely women do when they stoop to folly. They do not—in McCarthy books—smooth their hair with automatic hand and put a record on the gramophone. They come out of the clinches monologizing as they attempt to rearrange reality in a more comfortable shape, pat the pillows and make man wish he had curled up instead with a good book. Old-fashioned readers may feel that Author McCarthy is adopting the classic line of the British morale officer detailed to lecture the troops on the perils of venereal disease. "I don't suppose anything

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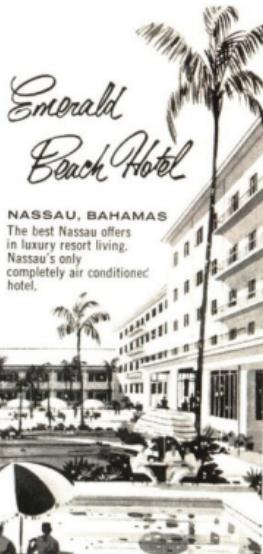
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Her latest, *A Charmed Life*, is about several intellectual families in New Leeds, a place which sounds very like Wellfleet,



Cecil Beaton

NOVELIST McCARTHY
Still the brightest girl in class.

Mass., where both the then Mrs. Edmund Wilson and the now Mrs. Bowden Broadwater have had houses. Martha announces to her husband: "I love you." The character has just cut his hand, and she has comforted him with a bourbon old-fashioned, "a sign of love" with Martha. But the man is still grim, "Sometimes, Martha," he went on, raising his eyes, "I think it's all words with you." Martha's eyes widened. "That's what He used to say," she cried—so they usually spoke of her first husband, as a capitalized pronoun." The book's plot hinges on an impromptu seduction, and ends with the heroine's death as she drives happily along with the money in her purse for the abortionist's fee. Author McCarthy denies that the capitalized pronoun belonged to ex-Husband Edmund Wilson. "The character in question," she said, "is a wasteful literary bum, and those words alone make it clear it isn't Edmund Wilson."

And so "Cyc" goes on, year after year,



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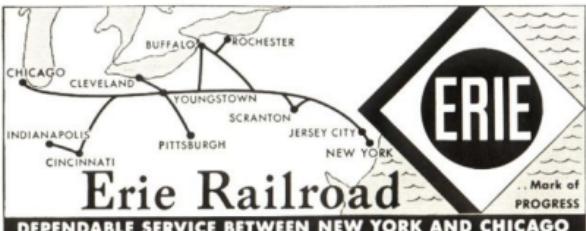
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being the brightest girl in class. The "Clever Young Egg" that was brooded over by the good kind nuns, hatched at Vassar and grew a set of strongly pinioned flight feathers in Manhattan, may remind her less fortunately feathered friends a pretty bird of prey, but that is probably no one's fault.

Love Life of a Genius

THREE LOVES OF DOSTOEVSKY [300 pp.]—Marc Slonim—Rinehart [\$4].

"Note Dostoevsky's helplessness when confronted with love," said Freud. "He understands either coarse animal desire or masochistic submission, or else love out of pity." In his readable, reasonable, slice-of-life study of the great Russian novelist, Author Slonim, Russian-born teacher and critic, documents this Freudian analysis in detail. Avoiding sweeping generalizations, Slonim suggests that some of the grit in the oyster of Dostoevsky's genius was put there by women.

Sweet Tea in Siberia. As a youngster, Fyodor was never allowed out with girls, and at his first sniff of a perfumed beauty in a St. Petersburg salon, he keeled over in a dead faint. He did better with the town doxies (later he even hinted darkly that he once raped a little girl), but it was not until after he had been jailed and exiled to Siberia as a subversive that he met his first major love.

Maria Isaeva was blonde, thin, neurotic and married. Her drunken clod of a husband was controller of the distillation and sale of liquor in Semipalatinsk, the Siberian border town to which Dostoevsky was sent as an army private after his release from prison. Soon the smitten 33-year-old soldier and the sensitive lady were holding hands and crying into each other's sweet tea while hubby sprawled in a drunken stupor on the divan. After Isaev died, they were married. But Maria was frigid, and Dostoevsky was soon complaining: "We're living so-so . . . The heart will wither. I am quite alone."

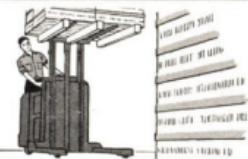
He was soon not so alone. A redheaded "she-nihilist" with blue spectacles, bobbed hair and romantic ideas threw herself at the feet of the literary master, and tripped him. Apollinaria Suslova was a 22-year-old intellectual spitfire of the New Woman breed. Chasing after her to Western Europe, Dostoevsky was desolated to learn that within less than a month she had taken up with and been thrown over by another man. He begged to travel with her "like a brother." Apollinaria agreed, and vengefully parried all his advances. Years later, she described how the nightly sexual tragedy would end: "Fyodor Mikhailovich again turned everything into a joke and, as he was leaving me, said that it was humiliating for him to leave me like that (this was at 1 in the morning; I was lying undressed in bed). 'For Russians have never fallen back!'"

After months of this, Dostoevsky fell all the way back to Russia, in time to see his wife waste away and die of TB. An ash-blonde, 20-year-old stenographer named Anna Snitkina, who came to take

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Too, not all customers used lift equipment. Many objected to paying extra for "useless pallets." Orders from these customers meant special handling, added expense.

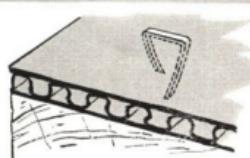


The problem: find a way to keep handling costs down on all orders. Could stapling be the answer? Bostitch had helped cut costs on other jobs in the mill—why not this one, too?

THE SOLUTION:



A Bostitch Economy Man and the mill's engineers worked out the answer—a "give-away" pallet: corrugated board quickly stapled to scrap lumber with a Bostitch H4 Hammer.



Four small wood strips raise the load just enough for lift truck chisel forks to slip under. Sixteen $1\frac{1}{2}$ " heavy-duty Bostitch staples secure strips. Boxed load supports itself between forks.



Entire pallet costs less than 40c. Customers get pallets free, save handling when unloading. The mill saves pallet storage space and hundreds of dollars in handling, billing and salvage costs.

How much can you save by switching to Bostitch? Your Bostitch Economy Man will work out answers for you without cost. He's one of 375 trained fastening specialists working out of 123 cities in the U. S. and Canada. Over 800 kinds of Bostitch staplers for business and industry. Look for "Bostitch" in your telephone directory. Or mail coupon.

BOSTITCH, 471 Mechanic Street, Westerly, R. I.

You say you can save my company money on fastening costs. Okay, prove it!

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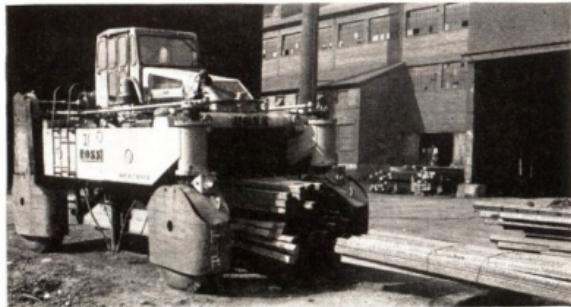
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...of open-pit gypsum

Here you see a saving in the making, as a big Michigan Tractor Shovel loads out low-grade gypsum at a California open-pit operation. Instantaneous power-shifting (no clutch pedal) saves seconds on every cycle between the truck and the pile of material. Clark's own Automotive Division designed the Michigan's exclusive power-shift transmission to save time on loading jobs like this one. Full buckets, fast cycles mean substantial savings for Michigan owners.



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In five seconds, this Ross Carrier picks up 19 tons of steel hot off the rolling mill of a major Pennsylvania producer. The fast travel speed and mobility of the Clark-built Carrier permits low-cost outdoor storage at considerable distance from the actual plant. Other operating advantages of the versatile Ross Carrier are described in a 16-page case history booklet entitled "The One-Truck Fleet." Write for a copy.

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EQUIPMENT**

dictation for *The Gambler* and *Crime and Punishment*, stayed on to become the second Mrs. Dostoevsky, and his last and greatest love.

The almost demonic role that sex played in Dostoevsky's private life stands in fantastic contrast to the idea of renunciation and Christlikeness which he presented in his Alyosha and Prince Myshkin. His great sinners, like Stavrogin, Dostoevsky could research from himself; for his saints he could only desperately search. In his own eyes, the closest thing to a saint he knew was Anna. She seemingly never shuddered before the jealous rages of an epileptic more than twice her age, nor before the acts of sadism and foot-fetishism which had horrified Maria and disgusted Apollinaria. Turning to Anna during his final illness, he asked her to read to him



DOSTOEVSKY

Women were the grit in the oyster.

at random from the Bible. She obeyed: "And Jesus answering said unto him, Suffer it to be so now; for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness."

"There, you hear that," said Dostoevsky, "I 'Suffer it to be so now'—that means I am going to die." That evening, Jan. 28, 1881, the life of a genius came to an end.

Cornua Longa, Ars Brevis

THE AMERICAN COWBOY (232 pp.)—Joe B. Frantz and Julian Ernest Choate Jr. —University of Oklahoma Press (\$3.75).

It's getting so it's plumb impossible these days for a cowboy to go walking on the streets of Laredo without getting his chaps all snarled up in dude professors fixin' to wring another book out of his innocent tanned hide.

This latest roundup is the work of Joe B. Frantz, University of Texas history professor who specializes in the history of the cow, and his pard, Julian Ernest Choate Jr., a professor of English at



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FOR THE TUMMY

David Lipscomb College, Nashville, a specialist in the prose of the cow. It is published by the notably pro-cow University of Oklahoma. And, to use an expression from Australia (where they don't have cowboys but stockmen), it is all a fair cow of a book.

It is also coy. But much bovine erudition has gone into it. Although the writing is tame and woolly, those at home in this overgrazed field will consider the book right up there at the point of the lowing herd of longhorn literature.

Purple Page. The brief and simple annals of the poor cowboy span the years between 1867 and 1885. There was a stringy breed of cattle down in Texas called the longhorn and a market for them in the North. The cowboy brought these facts together until he was defeated by the onrush of civilization and by cattle tick (which killed less hardy herds), by sheep (which competed with them) and by Methodism (which tamed the hard-drinking cowhands). At this point in the book, the apparatus of scholarship gets to work. The reader is told that a cowboy seldom fought with a gun and never with his fists, but elected what the modern delinquent calls a shiv (knife); that most of the gunplay in Dodge City was caused by non-cowboys; that Billy the Kid was a product of New York's Bowery; that Calamity Jane claimed that she never went to bed sober.

There is also a good deal of other assorted information, some fascinating, some obvious. Cowboys sometimes found it difficult to get about 3,000 cows to swim a river. Steak was cheap (5¢ a pound). The Colt six-gun was invented by Samuel Colt. Bulwhackers had deplorable vocabularies. All this may be interesting. But a thought, as troublesome as Geronimo, persists in the reader's mind that the cowboy is perhaps best left as myth. William MacLeod Raine and Clarence E. (Hop-along Cassidy) Mulford (whom the authors call a "second-rate practitioner"), or even Zane Grey, that old rider of the purple page, may be better custodians of the cowboy than two teachers trying to put the brand of their scholarship on the twitching flanks of popular legend.

Vicarious Vaqueros. The point not grasped by Messrs. Frantz and Cheote is that the myth is the only reality worth bothering about. A thousand cap pistols will leap from their holsters to protest this attempt to debunkhouse the cowboy. By the time the reader is led by the book's two vicarious vaqueros to their massive cowboy bibliography (306 volume references), his alkali-parched lips may well be forming a song:

*Ah'm an ole Phi Beta
From the Lone Star State
Ma pard's Ph.D.
Out o' Tennessee
We tote no guns and we rob no stages
We punch no cows and we bank our wages
But we sure ride herd on them Eng.
Lit. majors,
Yippeeeyi Oklahoma U.*



Business tragedy... she just hung up on the firm's best customer!

It could happen to any secretary. The boss wandered off without telling her where. Then Mr. Big called. So the girl looked for her boss in three other offices, returning each time to report. Then, as she started her fourth scouting trip, she unthinkingly hung up the 'phone!

Not exactly a world-shaking catastrophe, but there ought to be some way of avoiding it—especially when you think that the party cut off might have been on the verge of okaying a really big deal.

Such a situation need never occur to you, if your business were located in a community using Stromberg-Carlson telephones, and you leased what we call our "6K System."



There is nothing finer than a
Stromberg-Carlson®

This is an ingenious combination of electrical relays, a power supply and the telephone instrument shown at the left—a desk-type with six special keys on it. Anybody with such a 'phone can originate or answer "outside" calls, *hold* calls on any line, intercommunicate within the premises and even signal co-workers by buzzer.

The secretary above, for instance, would have answered the call from the customer on Line 1, *held* the call by pressing the Hold key, used the intercom facilities to call around the building and—when she finally located her man, he'd simply pick up the nearest telephone, press key number 1 and be automatically connected with his client.

We take this sort of pains to solve the little problems of business efficiency. We're equally experienced in *big* jobs, too. What might we do for you?





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MISCELLANY

Night of the Hunter. In Le Havre, France, facing a damage suit, Pastry Cook Jean Duchemin explained that he is near-sighted, thus potted a traveling circus' baby giraffe because it looked to him like a rabbit.

Mileage Change. In Nagoya, Japan, arrested for snatching a woman's purse at a race track, Policeman Umeichi Fujita explained: "I needed the money for carfare to get back to my beat."

Consumer Relations. In Houston, sentenced to a ten-year jail term for robbing the same laundry four times, Burglar Robert L. Manley said in court: "I had a grudge against that laundry, judge. I went there one day just past closing time, and the man wouldn't give me my clothes."

Night Plight. In Ventura, Calif., haled into court for driving without lights, Mrs. Florence Sandberg was allowed a month's time to choose between a fine or a jail term when the judge refused to accept her defense: "I can see like an owl."

Parturient Urge. In Montreal, arraigned on a shoplifting charge, Mrs. Alfred Bosse, mother of two, pleaded pregnancy, tearfully told the court that she always develops a weakness for theft when she is about to have a child.

First with the News. In Bristol, Va., the *Herald-Courier's* circulation department received an apologetic cancellation notice: "We are stopping the paper because our maid won't prepare breakfast until she has read it, and this makes us late for our appointments."

Caseworker. In Detroit, police looked for the holdup man who took \$8 and a wristwatch from Cab Driver Edward Grzynowicz, wavered, returned the loot plus \$5 from his own pocket, explained: "It's for cigarettes and coffee; you look nervous and probably need it."

High Command. In San Francisco, after he was arrested and fined for doing 75 m.p.h. on the Golden Gate Bridge, Frederic E. Supple Jr. told the judge: "My wife phoned and told me to come right home."

Doctor's Orders. In Nashville, asked by the judge why he passed three bad checks in a local store, W. P. Howland explained that he had been bothered by a back ailment, was restricted to light work.

Border Incident. In Brennero, Italy, stopped by Austrian immigration men because he had no credentials, Acrobat Leopold Stoeckel was finally allowed to go through after other performers with the Togni circus troupe confirmed his explanation to frontier guards: "I had a passport, but our elephant ate it."

Now Puerto Rico Offers 100% Tax Exemption to New Industry

by BEARDSLEY RUMBLE

"We don't want runaway industries" says Governor Muñoz. "But we do seek new and expanding industries." Federal taxes do not apply in Puerto Rico, and the Commonwealth also offers full exemption from local taxes. That is why 325 new plants have been located in Puerto Rico, protected by all the guarantees of the U.S. Constitution.



Beardsley Rumble

IN A dramatic bid to raise the standard of living in Puerto Rico, the Commonwealth Government is now offering U. S. manufacturers such overwhelming incentives that more than three hundred new factories have already been established in this sunny island 961 miles off the Florida coast.

First and most compelling incentive is the 100% tax exemption for most manufacturers who set up new plants in Puerto Rico.

For example, if your company is now making a net profit after taxes of \$53,500, your net profit in Puerto Rico would be \$100,000—a gain of 87 per cent, simply because Federal corporate income taxes do not apply in Puerto Rico and all local taxes are waived as well.

Your dividends in Puerto Rico from a corporation there could be \$50,000 against \$25,000 net in the U. S.—because Federal personal income taxes do not apply either.

What About Labor?

Puerto Rico's labor reservoir of 637,000 men and women has developed remarkable levels of productivity and efficiency—thanks, in part, to the Commonwealth's vocational training schools. These schools also offer special courses for managers and supervisors.

The progress made in technical skills may be gauged from the fact that there are now twenty-eight factories producing delicate electronic equipment.

Among the U. S. companies that have already set up manufacturing operations in Puerto Rico are Sylvania Electric, Carborundum Company, St. Regis Paper, Remington Rand, Univis Lens, Shoe Cor-

CORPORATE TAX EXEMPTION

If your net profit after U. S. Corporate Income Tax is :	Your net profit in Puerto Rico would be :
\$ 17,500	\$ 25,000
29,500	50,000
53,500	100,000
94,500	150,000
148,500	200,000

DIVIDEND TAX EXEMPTION

If your income after U. S. Individual Income Tax is :	Your net income in Puerto Rico would be :
\$ 3,900	\$ 5,000
7,360	10,000
10,270	15,000
14,850	25,000
23,180	50,000
32,680	100,000
43,180	200,000
70,180	300,000

*These examples are figured for dividends paid in Puerto Rico to a single resident. Based on Federal rates effective Jan. 1, 1954.

poration of America, and Weston Electric.

"Close to Paradise"

Listen to what L. H. Christensen, Vice President of St. Regis Paper, says:

"The climate is probably as close to paradise as man will ever see. I find Puerto Ricans in general extremely friendly, courteous and cooperative.

"This plant in Puerto Rico is one of our most efficient operations, in both quality and output. Our labor has responded well to all situations."

Mr. Christensen might have added that the temperature usually stays in the balmy 70's twelve months a year.

The swimming, sailing and fishing are out of this world. Your wife will rejoice to hear that domestic help is abundant.

The Commonwealth will leave no stone unturned to help you get started. It will build a factory for you. It will help you secure long-term financing. It will even

screen job applicants for you—and then train them to operate your machines.

Transportation

Six steamship companies and five airlines operate regular services between Puerto Rico and the mainland. San Juan is just 5½ hours by air from New York.

Light-weight articles such as radar components come off the line in Puerto Rico one day and are delivered by air freight next day in Los Angeles, Chicago and other mainland cities. And, of course, there is no duty of any kind on trade with the mainland.

Are You Eligible?

Says Governor Muñoz: *"Our drive is for new capital. Our slogan is not "move something old to Puerto Rico," but "start something new in Puerto Rico" or "expand in Puerto Rico."*

To get all the facts, and to find out whether you and your company would be eligible for complete tax exemption, telephone our nearest office.

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Mail me "Facts for Businessmen." I am interested in the advantages of Puerto Rico for the industry I have checked.

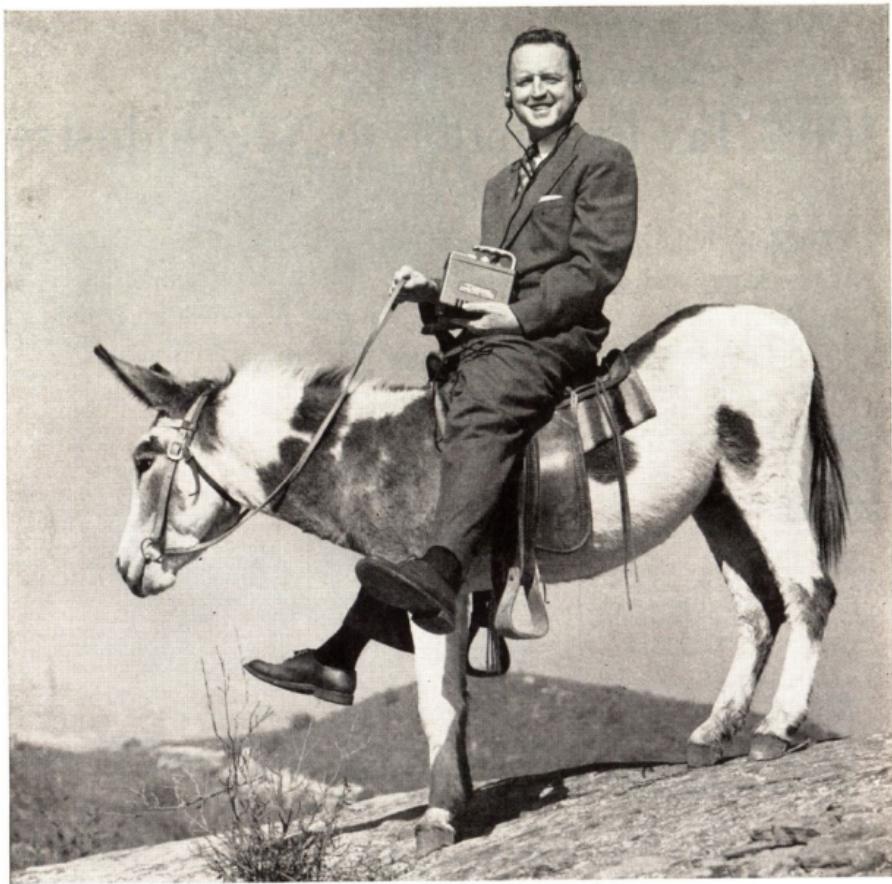
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"All you need is a Geiger Counter like this \$98.50 Detectron — and some luck.

"Fifty people have already become uranium millionaires. Many hundreds have made substantial fortunes, among them a janitor, an electrician, a plumber's helper, a lawyer, a dentist, a housewife — all amateurs!

"News of even a small strike can run a dealer out of instru-

ments. But we can deliver new instruments overnight by Air Express. And some of those towns are pretty remote. Air Express is not only the fastest air service — it is often the *only* one. No wonder we need Air Express. We would be seriously handicapped without it.

"Yet we *save* money by specifying Air Express! 25 lbs. from North Hollywood to Denver, for instance, costs \$8.05. That's \$3.15 less than any other complete air service!"



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PUT YOURSELF IN THIS PICTURE. A great game, your best gal, your favorite cigarette! Pleasant hours are even more inviting when you light up a better-tasting Lucky. Luckies taste better, first of all, because Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Then that tobacco is *toasted*. "*It's Toasted*" to taste even better . . . cleaner, fresher, smoother. Enjoy a Lucky yourself! You'll say it's the best-tasting cigarette you ever smoked!

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